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VIVIANI will get a hearty welcome, the headlines tell us, and then add as if it were news: "Administration Will Have Open Mind on any Proposal He May Make." This is the day of the open mind and its inevitable companion, procrastination. We were to have had an immediate peace with Germany, but the recent events in Germany make it clear that we must not move now lest we upset our Allies in their latest action against our former enemy. At Omaha Mr. Harding promised that one of his first official acts would be to take the American troops out of Germany—but here, too, we plainly must not act now. Then those front-porch conferences were to have yielded an immediate program for our foreign relations—but the open mind is still open, and the program still lingers. The fact is that this Administration is not going to grapple with any foreign issue until it is compelled to. Domestic affairs have the right of way. The farmer is to be succored at the expense of Australian, Canadian, Danish, and South American producers; more temporary tariff barriers—a curse wherever they may be—are to be established by reenacting the Fordney bill Mr. Wilson vetoed. Then business is to be rescued from the excess profits and super-income taxes and by December we are to have a permanent tariff law based on the Payne-Aldrich law the American people once abolished. What if Sir Philip Gibbs declares that "the whole destiny of the world depends absolutely on President Harding's leadership"? Before America even, comes Big Business; Europe may go hang.

PREMIER LLOYD GEORGE is finding it no easy task to carry his country with him in the absurd German reparations policy to which he committed it at the behest of France. The retirement from the Cabinet of Mr. Bonar Law, like that of Sir Robert Cecil, is thought to be due to the Irish rather than to the German policy, but it weakens Mr. Lloyd George at a most unfortunate time. The band which is opposing the Prime Minister's German policy includes Mr. Asquith and Sir George Paish and such queer bedfellows as Horatio Bottomley, editor of *John Bull*, and J. L. Garvin, editor of the *Observer*. "Germany could only work up the enormous export surplus required to pay the Allies by driving British exports from every competitive market," argues Mr. Garvin. From the Rhineland there are still reports of the slowing down of industry, and British officials there are quoted as estimating the total amount collectible under the customs penalties as not more than $4,000,000 annually. In the French Chamber the other day Deputy Auriol, Socialist, declared that France's part of the duties would be less than the expenses of occupation. Here in America, too, there is less disposition than at first to identify the voice of the Allies as the voice of God.

MORE and more the news from Ireland takes on the character of real warfare. "Heavy casualties were inflicted on the First Royal Fusiliers in an attack upon a train today near Headford Junction, County Kerry. An official report states that one officer and six men of the ranks were killed and twelve wounded"—thus runs a Dublin war dispatch of March 21. The week of St. Patrick's Day was the bloodiest the rebellion has known not even excepting the historic Easter week of 1916. Yet bankrupt British statesmanship insists that it is getting on well in Ireland and accomplishing its purpose. Despite all sorts of false dispatches there is no real move toward peace in sight, and the Irish are so encouraged by the success of their anti-Belfast boycott that they are beginning one upon certain English goods. The folly and the needlessness of it all are overwhelming when one realizes how easily a man with the spirit of a John Bright, or a Cobden, could bring about peace.

ALMOST a year ago in the main street of the mining town of Matewan in Mingo County, West Virginia, ten men were killed in a gun fight. Among those slain was Albert C. Felts of the Baldwin-Felts detective agency, and among those involved in the killing was "Sid" Hatfield, Chief of Police of Matewan. Felts was in charge of a party of detectives who had been engaged by the mine operators to drive from their homes the families of the striking miners—without the bother of a legal warrant. Hatfield tried to prevent the forcible eviction of the families, and a fight started. Sixteen men were finally tried for the murder of Albert C. Felts—among them Hatfield. After a legal battle almost as bitter as the original affray, the sixteen defendants have finally been acquitted on the chief charge. The verdict establishes nothing but the innocence of the defendants; all strike questions were excluded from the trial. But the outcome may have important results.

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BERLIN has had its first pogrom. A preconcerted raid was made on a Jewish quarter, several hundred of its residents attacked and beaten, and a number seriously hurt. While it has not appeared that any of the injuries have resulted fatally, the mere fact of this organized assault is ominous. It marks a tragic step backward toward barbarism. It adds another European country to those which have allowed the smoldering embers of ignorance and race antagonism to blaze into violence. Yet this outburst is not surprising. Since the war, which intensified every passion, which aggravated every dislike, which aroused new hates, anti-Semitism has been studiously nurtured in Germany. From a latent and localized prejudice deriving its inspiration from Junkertum, it has developed through reactionary propaganda and careful organization in a sadly disorganized community until it is today a rampant, widespread mental disease. The Viennese manifestations, while complicated by great numbers of Galician Jewish refugees whose presence adds to the economic distress, are essentially of the same origin. Could such a thing happen in the United States? Five years ago we should have laughed the idea to scorn. But it is not unthinkable today in a country as credulous as ours, by nature more prone to mob violence than its neighbors, which tolerates the lynching of another weak and helpless race within our borders.

BUT even this sinister possibility does not justify the suppression of the Dearborn *Independent*. The threatened arrest in St. Louis of persons engaged in selling it is wholly misguided. While under an interpretation of a Missouri law such people are held to be disturbers of the peace, the police power in almost any State is probably sufficient, if invoked by the authorities, to check the sale of any publication. It is the more necessary, in dealing with so utterly detestable a campaign of slander, that the issues be clearly distinguished. More important than anti-semitism is the fundamental question of freedom of expression so gravely imperiled today. The right of the individual to say what he pleases is the cornerstone of our American liberties.

THE natural response to the "Rhine horror" meeting in New York was the patriotic rally in Madison Square Garden on March 18, at which, according to the New York *World*, there was greater hatred of and bitterness toward Germany expressed than during the war. The fateful old German inability to understand other people's psychology, to be tactful, considerate, and wise, still persists over here. The Von Machs learn nothing. As for the patriotic rally, it was great fun for those who took part in it; they rejoiced in their opportunities to hiss Mayor Hylan and the originators of the "Rhine horror" affair, and they demanded that no one should break up the old friendships with the Allies. As to the latter *The Nation* is heartily with them. It only wishes that they could see that the real menace to our friendship with France is not the professional German-American, but the French imperialists, who, all unwitting, are pulling down the whole economic structure of Europe; and that the real menace to our peace with England is not the Sinn Feiner but those directly and indirectly responsible for the proposal to build a large navy to rival the British, who fail to realize that this will lead straight to war.

IT is no new thing to find the representatives of the Allies bad business men, but the recent note of the Reparations Commission asking Austria to deliver all livestock specified in the treaty of St. Germain seems both unintelligent and heartless. This means the immediate supplying of 6,000 milch cows—1,000 to Jugoslavia, 1,000 to Rumania (both cattle-exporting countries), and 4,000 to Italy at the very time when the American Relief is finding it necessary to ship milk regularly into Austria, the Vienna Children's Milk Relief asserts that there are thousands of children who have never tasted fresh cow's milk, and the Red Cross reports in Vienna alone 115,000 tubercular children whose chief need is milk. What makes this particular demand particularly immoral and idiotic is the fact that the Allied Governments, sitting in conference in London, after consulting their experts, have just announced that they are prepared to postpone their financial claims on Austria in order to avert her starvation.

IN the passion for discrediting the Soviet Government, its enemies have manufactured not merely propaganda in wholesale quantities for export, but they have produced the raw material out of which history is largely made. *The Nation* called attention last summer to an Associated Press dispatch from Warsaw, purporting to quote the *Isvestia* of June 11 in regard to Russian policy, and noted that the copy of the newspaper of that date in the New York Public Library contained no such article. Possibly the *Isvestia* in question came into existence in the same way by which the London *Daily Herald* says bogus copies of the Russian *Pravda* have been circulated in the Baltic states and even smuggled into Soviet Russia itself. These spurious issues, containing anti-Soviet propaganda, have been printed in London and circulated, the *Daily Herald* declares, with the aid of Scotland Yard. They may naturally be assumed to have been the basis for some of those ingenuous dispatches from the Baltic region, beginning, "Copies of the Russian *Pravda* received here say——." And yet the same Government that did not scruple to assist in circulating a fictitious newspaper was most solicitous in its recently concluded trade agreement with Russia to obtain the promise of the Soviet Government not to spread anti-British propaganda abroad. It is permissible to pull the Bear's ear but not to twist the Lion's tail.

A RECENT announcement that employees of the Post Office were to be allowed to treat with the Government through their organizations—collective bargaining—is a welcome sign that the new Postmaster General, Will Hays, intends to follow a more enlightened policy than that which prevailed during the Burleson regime. No other Cabinet officer has so great an opportunity to raise the morale and increase the efficiency of his Department by the installation of even a modicum of justice in the treatment of employees as has Mr. Hays. The demoralization of the service worked by the Burleson era of autocracy and incompetence cannot be counteracted in a day, but the comments of Mr. Hays indicate an appreciation of how to go at it. "My purposes are to take the postal service out of politics," he said at Chicago lately, "to make such rectifications as in all decency and fairness must be made to assure a square deal, and to strengthen and broaden the civil service." We hope Mr. Hays acts as he talks, and we wish him success in cleaning the Augean stable of his predecessor.

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THE report of the committee of the American Association of University Professors on the dismissal of Professor J. E. Kirkpatrick from Washburn College reveals flagrant and insolent autocracy on the part of President Womer and the trustees. "It is established," says the committee in its summary, "that Professor Kirkpatrick was dismissed without prior notice, hearing, or stated charges, and without his knowledge of certain allegations against him made to the trustees." The specific acts cited as grounds of his dismissal turn out to consist: "(a) in his having, some years earlier, angered certain potential contributors by calling the attention of the State's Attorney to a violation of law; (b) in his having talked with a neighbor and personal friend, who was also a trustee, about the movement for increasing the salaries of college teachers; (c) in his having, as a delegate to the Congregational Conference, expressed to one other delegate views about the nomination of a member of the Board of Trustees which did not coincide with the wishes of President Womer." These are the acts cited; "one of the principal actual causes," the committee finds, "consisted in his having, during the preceding college year, urged changes in the constitution of the college which would limit the president's powers and give the faculty a greater part in the determination of the educational policies of the institution." These facts require no comment. Nor is it surprising, under the circumstances, to learn that the committee reports of President Womer that, though "highly successful in collecting money for the institution and in carrying out a program of material improvements," he has been "at once autocratic and vacillating" in his official relations with the faculty. He is found to have been guilty of bad faith, to have been "lacking in candor and trustworthiness" in his administrative methods, and to have made, in connection with this committee's investigations, "statements which are not in accord with the facts." The trustees, of course, back up the president, and share his responsibility. It is all a disgraceful affair.

THE comparative literary sterility of the Southern States has been vigorously described by Mr. H. L. Mencken. A really searching explanation of it is yet to come. Every now and then, during very many years, a consciousness of the fact itself has suddenly obtruded itself in the minds of cultivated and thoughtful Southerners. At such moments they would found a periodical—the *Southern Review* in 1828, the *Southern Quarterly Review* in 1842, *Simm's Magazine* in 1845, *Russell's Magazine* in 1857, and the *Nineteenth Century* in 1869, to name a few only. All these magazines were more or less identified with small literary groups in Charleston. Today another such moment has come and Richmond announces the foundation of *The Reviewer*, a bi-monthly. A commendatory testimonial accompanies the first issue in which "the undersigned, realizing the need of a literary review in Richmond, and the growing demand for such a publication throughout the State, wish to express their cordial approval and indorsement." How familiar that sounds to anyone who has gone through the files of the old Southern magazines, how quaint and innocent! Yet among the undersigned are James Branch Cabell and Mary Johnston and Ellen Glasgow and others who know the ways of literature in this busy world. We wish *The Reviewer* the best luck provided it avoids the old Southern fault of over-anxious refinement and intellectual timidity.

England Ready for a Navy Talk

FROM England has again come so plain an offer to discuss the limitation of armaments that it is hard to see how the President can delay for a moment. In the course of the debate on the new British estimates it appeared that England has deliberately abandoned her historic two-Power standard for her navy; has reduced the number of capital ships in full commission from twenty to sixteen as compared with thirty-eight in 1914; has given up one destroyer-flotilla and the entire South American squadron and decreased the personnel by 6,000 men. True, four new battleships are to be begun while eight are transferred to the list to be disposed of; but Baron Lee, First Lord of the Admiralty, has specifically declared that in "making this long delayed beginning with the replacement of obsolete ships, the Government neither commits itself to, nor contemplates, any building program in answer to those of any other Power." Indeed, he went out of his way to say that his Government "trusts it may be possible as a result of frank and friendly discussion with the principal naval Powers to avoid anything approaching competitive building, either now or in the future." More than that, Lord Lee has stated that "if America invites Great Britain to a conference to come to an agreement on the naval question" he is prepared to put aside all other business to help that matter forward. What more can anyone ask?

Well, we ask that on this side of the ocean there be immediate response not only in official Washington but by all those who bespeak a "hands across the seas," "blood is thicker than water" policy. Instead, we have the President, according to Washington dispatches, accepting one of Mr. Wilson's foolish beliefs that "the possession of the world's most modern navy will insure the country a respectful hearing when it is ready to propose new international relationships." "It is understood," one correspondent telegraphs, "that he [Mr. Harding] regards the possession of the most powerful navy in the world as a guaranty not only to the world but to American citizens of the sincerity of the Administration, when it proposes changed international relations and reduction of armaments." All of which is the same nonsense which Mr. Daniels used to talk. It is as if a drunkard would not sign a pledge to do away with drink until he had convinced everybody by one last grand debauch that he was not afraid of good hard liquor.

How can any American be so credulous as to believe that it is necessary for the United States to arm further in order to obtain a "respectful hearing"? Why, there is not a country on earth that speaks with such authority as the United States today, and no foreign chancellery stops to ask the chance number of our battleships when we do. So childish a bluff as that will fool nobody, nor any attempt to so juggle a proportional disarmament as to give us a dominating position because we have the greatest number of post-Jutland battleships afloat or under way. England will not accept any such arrangement, and as for the world, it seeks not "proportionate" disarmament, but *disarmament* complete and absolute. Mr. Harding ought to bestir himself; he may be compelled to by the tremendous decrease in this year's income tax returns. But he ought not to wait for them. He must move or this golden opportunity to encompass naval disarmament will pass unused.

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Recognize Russia!

ONCE more communist Russia arises to confound her enemies. The Kronstadt rebellion, the unrest in Moscow and Petrograd, the anarchist disturbances in the Ukraine, all led optimistic imperialists to assert for the hundredth time that the Soviet Government was tottering to its fall. Then gradually out of the mist of press misrepresentations and mistakes and half-truths the facts again began to emerge; and the Russian Government was suddenly revealed as a power still firmly intrenched and more necessary to placate and to deal with than ever. Within three days events took place that entirely changed Russia's position and assured the continued control of the Soviet Government. On March 16 a trade agreement was signed at London between the "Government of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic" and the British Government, together with a declaration of recognition of claims signed by M. Krassin and Sir Robert Horne, President of the British Board of Trade. By these instruments the world's most powerful trading nation has welcomed the Russian Government—which it had referred to in earlier days as a government of "murderers," "cutthroats," and "tyrants"—back into the commercial family of nations. On the same day a Russian-Turkish treaty was signed at Moscow "establishing fraternal relations between the two countries." On March 17 the Kronstadt garrison surrendered to the Red Army and the Government forces took the town. On March 18 the terms of a trade agreement between Russia and Germany were settled, and the final peace treaty with Poland and the Ukraine was signed. On March 19 the Italian Foreign Minister announced that Italy would soon sign a trade treaty with Russia. So, after years of trial and persecution, Russia again becomes the friend of the great.

One great nation still holds aloof—and even she is beginning to show signs of anxiety. While England and Germany sign up pacts of commercial friendship with Russia and begin to turn the pages of her catalogue of concessions; while Canadian concessionnaires pick up vast tracts of lumber, and fifty of the largest firms in Holland combine for trade with the Baltic states and Russia; while British factories begin to turn out goods for Russian people to buy—the Government of the United States decides to find out "through diplomatic and other channels" what is going on in that part of the world. Russia is again on the map—not only on the geographic map where she has sprawled all along in mocking immensity—but on the diplomatic map made up of "good" governments which respect the rights of private property and do not say their prayers to the prophet Marx. And the United States wants to see what Russia is doing there with the other fellows. Does Russia really mean it when she says she will be good? The new Administration has decided, so the newspapers tell us, that the time has almost come when we must begin to think about finding out what has been occurring and when we must determine what position, if any, we wish eventually to stand upon. This, as anyone who has followed our Russian policy must realize, is going a long way.

It is evident, however, without waiting for the State Department to announce details, that the return of the Russian prodigal to the family of nations has not meant a complete victory for communism. Lenin has secured for his country peace, commerce, and a chance to rebuild. He has forfeited, however, some important items of his program; laid down some powerful weapons. When, as the correspondent of the New York *Herald* reported, he "screwed up his eyes in a comical manner and said: 'I fear I have become respectable,'" he summed up the extent of his concessions. He has forfeited his belief in an imminent world revolution as well as his power of helping to bring it about by propaganda or force. He has yielded up the riches of Russia to foreign concessionnaires—an act which he admits carries with it the danger of foreign interference in defense of such holdings. He has, if he is quoted correctly, modified, for the time being, his plan of communistic enterprise in agriculture and industry, by acknowledging the rights of private agricultural holdings, of free commerce in agricultural products, and of private production by "artisans." He has given the bitter non-communist press an opportunity, which they have avidly seized upon, of proclaiming the downfall of communism at the very moment when they are forced to admit the virtually universal success of the Soviet Government. But their joy may be partly unwarranted. For years Lenin has been living according to two philosophies—the philosophy of communism and that of *realpolitik*. He is doubtless dominated by the hope that he can make the second serve the first. By clearing Russia of invaders, by opening trade, by getting industries going, and by placating the peasants, he hopes to save Russia for communism. And he is unique among statesmen in his readiness to admit a deviation from principle. "The Brest-Litovsk peace is bad, but what would you have me do? We cannot defeat the Germans. We must have a breathing spell." So he said in 1918. "Concessions are dangerous," he has said lately, "but are they more dangerous than hunger and cold and underproduction and industrial chaos?" "Private enterprise is not communism," he is doubtless saying now, "but there can be no communism till things are running again—in five or ten years perhaps." Lenin *has* compromised beyond question for the sake of expediency. He has surrendered a position here and one there, but by admitting his necessity he has softened the pain of defeat and may in the end stave it off entirely.

Meanwhile he says to the nations of the world—though he addressed his words to Great Britain: "Agreement useless unless the British Government ceases the mistrust shown us for three years. Our best and only propaganda will be the example given the world by our economic reconstruction of Russia." The United States should listen to those words. Will we continue to stand with one foot in the past and one in a wholly imaginary future, while the other nations of the world recognize the power and promise of the existing Russian Government? During Mr. Wilson's regime we insulted the Soviet Government by every means in our power; we refused its overtures and drove out its representative. We learned nothing from Britain's willingness to face and accept the facts. We threw away a chance to be Russia's best friend among the nations. Small signs now begin to indicate an unwilling, gradual change of heart. Relief can now be sent into Soviet Russia. Will trade follow? The dogmatic statement of Secretary Hoover gives us little hope, but if the new Administration is wise it will ask Russia to send an envoy back to us and follow after England as fast as we may.

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The Railroad Wreck

THIS is a sad world. Only one short year ago a complaisant Congress passed the Esch-Cummins law. It gave our railroad financiers everything they asked. Railroad credit was permanently insured by a provision that rates were to yield 6 per cent on the aggregate value of railroad property. The monstrous Plumb Plan for service at cost was buried hell-deep under a mountain of anathemas with a stake through its heart. With a sigh of relief a harassed country saw the roads slip back into the competent hands of "the Christian men to whom God in his wisdom had intrusted them"—to apply in a different connection the well-remembered words of a late railroad president.

A year has passed. Today the Esch-Cummins law is a complete and admitted failure. Even Senator Cummins asserts that something is wrong; he demands an inquiry by the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce to find out what it is. The self-same financiers of a year agone mournfully announce that they can't make their roads pay, and so must be allowed to smash the unions and slash wages. They declare with apparent truth that many of the roads are on the verge of bankruptcy. Freight won't move, and passengers won't travel. The roads don't come within gunshot of 6 per cent, and the loathsome Plumb Plan is once more raising its hideous head. It is all very discouraging to men whose business it is to pick financial plums off the railroad tree. Already they talk of selling the good-for-nothing plum tree to an ungrateful Government—always provided, of course, that the price can be made right. In fact, one uncommonly intelligent banker warns his colleagues that they are going altogether wrong in their present fight on the unions. He urges them instead to kiss and make up with the men's organizations, and then go hand in hand to Uncle Sam, pointing out to the old gentleman that after all it is a lovely plum tree and that he couldn't do better than add it to his charming fruit garden.

What is the matter? Why do all the rosy promises of private-ownership-propaganda days fade as a leaf? Let Senator La Follette answer:

> The financiers of Wall Street are running the railroads today. Beginning about 1900 a change came, and the railroad management of the country passed out of the hands of men who had come up from the ranks, who were capable of running the railroads, and believed in balancing service against transportation charges. The management of the railroads passed into the hands of the representatives of Wall Street, and from that hour on the railroads of the United States have not been run by men capable of managing the transportation of the country. They have been run, sir, by the representatives of the great financial houses, by the promoters, by the banks.

Of the twelve men responsible for the new union-smashing policy of the railroad executives, nine, we are reliably informed, are opposed to that policy. They are the active operating officials; but the other three, representing the dominant banking interests, dictate the action of the group. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

More specifically, dealing with the Esch-Cummins law, the Wisconsin Senator goes on: "This infamous law has destroyed the very purpose which its authors professed to believe it would achieve, for by passing that law you imposed transportation charges upon traffic that the traffic of the country cannot bear." The financiers, under the beneficent operation of this law, have managed to transform a shortage of freight cars into a surplus of 300,000 idle cars, and their passenger trains are running half empty where they are not being consolidated. On a recent journey a certain passenger spent nine nights in a Pullman. In no case did he make a reservation in advance, and in no case was the berth above him occupied. Despite the hullabaloo over wages and the propaganda for cutting them, the fundamental trouble with the railroads today is bad management and excessive rates. The executives are busy trying to produce profits instead of transportation. In this effort they have overreached themselves, and have killed the traffic goose that lays the golden egg.

The transportation committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, after discussing the financial plight of the New England roads and the proposals for their relief by yet further rate increases, points out that poor service and high rates have driven shippers to the extensive use of motor trucks. It demands an investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission to determine "whether the New England roads are now being operated efficiently and economically."

Yet more pointed is the report of the New England Traffic League, representing the important shippers of that section. It says: "Instead of proceeding in an orderly way to bring this [the wage] question before the Labor Board, they [the carriers] have attempted a short cut through a campaign of publicity, and have utterly failed to accomplish any results commensurate with the efforts expended." "In view of this inexcusable failure" the League "feels that it is time the directors of these [the New England] roads take action that will not only make unnecessary further increase but which may give some assurance that charges that are now so high as to divert business from the roads may be so adjusted as to increase the amount of traffic handled by these lines." The sacrifices made by shippers during the war, says the League, "are misconstrued into meaning that the Executives can tax them to the limit without fear of opposition." The following passage even suggests a degree of impatience:

> If the time has arrived when no confidence can be placed in the word of a railroad executive, the sooner the shipper understands this the better it will be; for if those in charge of these properties cannot command the respect of their patrons, the directors can do no better service to their stockholders than to replace those in control by men who will have some respect for an agreement. In none of these proposals have the carriers indicated any intention of cleaning house, but apparently propose to continue the present inefficient methods of operation which shippers generally believe to exist, particularly on the New Haven road, and possibly on other lines.
>
> It is clear to the business interests of New England that if the increasing of rates is carried much further the carriers will, like Samson, ruin themselves by pulling down the industrial structure upon which they are solely dependent and upon which the prosperity of New England depends.

Other than New England roads may well take these stinging words to heart. If the gentlemen who at present own and mismanage these rich properties wish to keep them in their own hands, it is high time for them to bestir themselves to give cheap transportation and cut rates to a point that will let traffic move.

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The Outcome in Upper Silesia

IN his book on the Peace Conference, Mr. E. J. Dillon records how in an interview with an American journalist Mr. Lloyd George interrupted his visitor to ask of his entourage, "Is it Upper or Lower Silesia *that we are giving away?*" Well, the Upper Silesian plebiscite is over and no part of Silesia is given away by the fiat of Paris; it remains German by a very heavy majority vote. The result is satisfactory in that it will increase the Allied prospects of German indemnities; it keeps within Germany a territory that should be inside her boundaries, and will put heart and courage into the German people for the tasks before them. As for Poland, there the blow is a severe one. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* cabled the other day that if the Germans won, Poland would collapse. As to that we shall see what we shall see. It is but just to both sides to record that the voting passed off without disturbances, and this is the more remarkable as we have no doubt from reliable documents that lie before us that the Poles were guilty of coercion and violent oppression during the months before the plebiscite. Doubtless there was wrongdoing on both sides. All the more gratifying is it to record the faultless behavior of the British troops on duty in Silesia. In a most trying position they won the respect of both Germans and Poles.

This Silesian plebiscite must not become of the things of the past without dwelling upon the clear illustration it affords of the mischief done to the world by protective tariffs. Strictly speaking, aside from sentiment, it would make no difference to German industry or to the world at large which flag flew over Silesia if only there were free trade. If German industrialists could have purchased Silesian coal and iron without let or hindrance if these materials were under Polish control, then they would have stood the loss of Silesia—with much outward alligator grief for the German Kultur to be subordinated to Polish "barbarism"—but with great inward resignation. But, of course, what the Poles planned to do was to slap on tariffs right off, and perhaps export bounties as well. The tariffs were to be for revenue and the bounties and other tricks to keep Germany from obtaining the Silesian coal and iron which have been so necessary to her development. That the Poles, had they thus hampered or cut off the German market, would not have been in a position to absorb the greater part of the Upper Silesian output themselves, did not weigh with them. They wanted to grab for themselves raw materials the control of which they counted upon to save their new State from bankruptcy while weakening Germany correspondingly—a New York *Times* correspondent admitted on the day after the voting that if Upper Silesia were lost to Germany the latter would probably be quite unable to pay the indemnities demanded by the Allies.

All of which merely goes to prove how nationalist and tariff lines cripple trade, barter, and exchange, and make for hate, bloodshed, and war. The German Empire grew great when its states combined and abolished their tariffs against each other. Europe will and must yet abolish all its tariffs and customs houses and supplant its narrow nationalism with an internationalism under which the iron and coal of Briey, of Lorraine, the Ruhr, Upper Silesia, and Poland will be held in trust for the peoples of the Continent, with special regard for those who are without them.

Oh, Boston!

TIME was when we loved to visit Boston. We regarded it as one of half a dozen of our large cities with a pronounced individuality. We used to love to tread—when not trying to catch a train—the parabolas and hyperbolas of its streets; we liked to sniff the fishy smells of the T-Wharf and the skinny odors of the leather district; we reveled in baked beans, saturated with molasses and fragrant with the bouquet of roast pork, which we stowed in our bunkers between layers of steaming brown bread; we sat down two or three times a day with reverence before a section of squash pie, moist and rich with milk, and graced with a cuticle baked nut-brown but tender as moonrise in spring. So superior, that squash pie of New England, to the coarse-grained insipid pumpkin that is foisted upon one by the vulgarian restaurateurs of New York! In those days Bostonians prided themselves—and rightly—upon their Bunker Hill Monument and their accent; upon their literary clubs and their creamed codfish; upon their Public Library and their Museum of Fine Arts; upon their Puritanism and their pie. In that geological age—we were there last in the autumn of 1920—the city by the Charles was not merely big; it was Boston. It was worth all it cost to get there from any place, even under the Esch-Cummins law.

Ah, Boston!

But recent news is depressing. Boston is elated because while in 1880 there was one bathtub to every 40.2 persons, there is now one to every 4.4 persons. If the ratio of increase is maintained, it is said, there will be a tub per person inside of five years. Well, what of it? What sort of a thing is that for Boston—our Boston—to brag of? Boston and Bunker Hill, or Boston and beans—such associations are historic and ennobling! But Boston and bathtubs! Bah! The bathtub is the great symbol of our materialism and hypocrisy. It is the proof of our belief in inward grace through outward cleansing; of absolution by ablution; of sanctification by soap. Bathing has become our modern religion and the bathtub the family altar. It will soon be the fashion to advertise not "four rooms and a bath" but "four baths and a room." We shall carry our tubs with us, like Diogenes, and excuse ourselves between courses at dinner to withdraw and take a bath.

But we had not imagined that Boston—our Boston—would succumb to this craze, would abandon her fine individual virtues for so conventional and superficial a cult. We might have believed it of Salt Lake City, where we noted recently that they had forbidden smoking on the public streets, or of some thriving towns of the Middle West where the visitor in search of the soul of the community hears only of the number of automobiles and the miles of asphalt pavement laid since 1910. We shudder to think that when next we go to Boston we may be stopped at the city line by an inspector of the Bureau of Bathtub Boosting, who will inquire when last we were wet-cleaned and if we have brought an individual swimming pool with us. A speck of dirt will be worse in the new era than a slip of grammar in the old. Browning will give way to blueing, and the Boston Latin School to a soap factory.

What the Hub of the Universe needs is not more soap bubbles but more axle grease. Her future, like her past, should be built on Bunker, not on Buncombe Hill.

Oh, Boston!

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Mexico—1921

I. Introductory—The House Set in Order

By PAUL HANNA

MEXICO has put her house in order. Fifteen million people in that country have achieved a Government satisfactory to most of them. Now they are waiting to see if it will prove satisfactory to the people and Government of the United States. That is the truth and the issue respecting Mexico. Mexico's present leaders are realists. They know that a government fully approved by its own people may be attacked and destroyed from without because it does not suit the taste of foreign Powers. They recall that under Porfirio Diaz Mexico had a government wholly pleasing to the foreign world and wholly disastrous to the Mexican masses. They dare not and will not pawn the wealth and happiness of their country, as Diaz did, to purchase the praise and recognition of foreigners.

Eleven years of civil war is the price these Mexicans have paid to escape their old bondage to native and foreign masters. Those years were marked by the terror, violence, disappointment, and betrayals which are common to organized bloodshed, for whatever cause. The agony of rebirth looked at times like the throes of national death. But if the symptoms were confusing, the outcome is clear enough. Mexico is reborn, entirely at peace, and busy from end to end with the development of her new domestic freedom. To make sure this freedom exists, to understand how it applies itself and how much its undisturbed development may contribute to human progress, is surely the duty of every American. For there is no menace to Mexican liberty except the misunderstanding or indifference of the American people. For every worthy class of Americans there is a strong appeal in what Mexico has done and is planning to do.

The revolution which began in 1910 and culminated in May of last year had four fundamental objects in view: (1) To give the peons land; (2) to restore political democracy; (3) to establish the wage earners' right to organize; (4) to promote education. Today the land is being distributed among the peons, and to all other citizens of the Republic who wish to make agriculture their calling. Peasants who followed their fathers into slavery for the payment of their grandfathers' debts have, in thousands of instances, received acres of their own. Regiment after regiment of the revolutionary army is dissolving from a parasitic garrison existence to the status of individual productive owners and tillers of their own ground. They do not wish to soldier because they have something else to do. They do not need to fight because their fight has been won.

Political democracy? I saw more of it in Mexico than exists, I believe, anywhere else in the world today. The Minister of Finance is the ex-Provisional President whom Obregon succeeded after a free election by the people. The Governor of the Federal District is an ex-cobbler who insists upon talking personally with the hundreds of poor persons who visit his office daily. "We must destroy the servile illusion about public officials," he explains. Public buildings are placed at the disposal of any sect or faction, however small in number, whose orators wish to denounce or praise the administration, demand new methods of taxation, or impugn the personal honor of cabinet members. As you read the different daily newspapers in Mexico City you will learn that the ministry contains here a "Bolshevik" and there a "Diaz Cientifico." Workmen parade the principal streets with red flags whenever the spirit moves them and are not disturbed by the authorities. The Catholic Church and the Federation of Labor conduct a series of joint debates in a crowded theater to determine whether proletarian rule would be just or desirable.

Perhaps the wit and good humor of this intellectual ferment is best illustrated by what befell a Socialist Deputy who acted as chairman at one of these debates. He had taken the floor to quell some immoderate hecklers. "Remember," he said to the crowd, "this audience is composed entirely of workers and intellectuals. Bad manners would dishonor such a gathering." Instantly a garage hand leaped to his feet. "Señor Fulano [the chairman] is neither a workman nor an intellectual. He is—a Deputy!" The house roared, but the heckling ceased.

Labor's freedom to organize, agitate, and strike is unrestricted. Many of its activities are housed in buildings donated by the Government. Its independent educational efforts enjoy semi-official subsidies. Its veteran leaders occupy such posts as director of government factories and director of public printing. Books on economic subjects which are desired and indicated by the workers are being translated into Spanish and printed at government expense, just as other works of general cultural or scientific interest are being produced for other classes of the population.

Public education is largely in charge of the National University, whose distinguished director, Dr. José Vasconcelos, will shortly enter the cabinet as chief of the new Department of Public Education, with an initial appropriation of some 25,000,000 pesos. The program calls for a free school and library within reach of every child in the Republic. Hundreds of these schools have been opened during the past six months.

These things Mexico has done and is planning to do for herself. Within her own borders no serious obstacles are apparent. There remains only the great peril of her vast natural wealth and the lust of alien exploiters to possess it. Within the limits of a Constitution which gives the state title to all subsoil treasures, but which provides for leasing to private exploiters, I am convinced the administration of President Obregon intends to deal generously with foreign capitalists. Several projects are under way in the Ministry of Finance for the repayment of interest and principal on the external debt which has been defaulted since 1914. Under this regime the foreign world is invited to share the bounty of Mexico's wealth, but alien capitalists will not be permitted to set all four feet in the trough and trample the weaklings to economic death.

If that limitation is intolerable to foreign capital there will be war against Mexico, preceded, I imagine, by a violent effort of plotters in Mexico City to seize the Government and mold it nearer to the desire of business hearts. There are plenty of eminent Mexicans willing and anxious

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to function in the "Cubanization" of their native land. And they are active in persuading others that such an evolution from independence to a place within the "Empire of North America" represents Mexico's very desirable destiny. But the Mexico of President Obregon and the liberated masses is not afraid of its domestic foes. On the battlefield and in the voting booth it has taken their measure and vanquished them successively. In the matter of both materials and morale it is today better able than ever to crush its internal enemies. But what about its foreign foes? What about invasion? Mexicans know they would be crushed. Most Mexicans, however, are in what may be termed the Patrick Henry stage of patriotic development. They do not believe that life is so dear nor peace so sweet that they should be bought at the price of liberty. They will run to their mountain shelters and fight for years against any invasion. Let this suggest what the conquest of Mexico must mean in terms of blood and treasure.

Mr. Lansing Lifts the Veil

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FROM Robert Lansing has come the most interesting contribution to the history of the Versailles Treaty, of the League of Nations, and of Woodrow Wilson which has yet appeared.[1] Only the intimate memoirs of Mr. Wilson himself, Lloyd George, or Clemenceau could surpass it in world-wide interest, and it is doubtful if anything that they may write will be sufficiently detached to surpass Mr. Lansing's statement as purely historical material. We cannot recall a similar case where an actor in a great dramatic event has in so short a time thereafter not only lifted the veil as to what happened behind closed doors, but has so elaborately dissected the chief personality of the drama. Naturally Mr. Lansing is not without deep personal feeling. Out of consideration for the President he put off for thirteen months a statement of the facts which led to his resignation's being accepted by President Wilson in such a shabby manner. He has now set forth, with obvious effort to be just and to confine himself to a lawyer's presentation of the facts, the exact story of what took place in Paris and why his mind could not "run along" with the President's. He makes no studied personal plea for himself; he does not stress various aspects of the mortifying position in which Mr. Wilson placed him in Paris; and he frequently goes out of his way to give his former superior the benefit of any doubt, to suggest explanatory reasons for the attitude Mr. Wilson assumed, and to analyze situations as much as possible from the President's point of view. Moreover, he frequently pays tribute to the altruism and idealism of the ex-President. But he would be more than human if in so doing he could eradicate all trace of the sense of injury and wrong which any honorable man must feel who has been through such an experience and been publicly charged by his superior with something akin to disloyalty.

For generations to come historians and moralists will, we presume, wrangle as to the exact responsibility of Mr. Wilson for the Paris catastrophe. Already the lines are clearly drawn. His admirers, those, for instance, who are now raising a fund of $500,000 to commemorate the ex-President's services to the cause of peace, believe that, if only for his enunciation of the Fourteen Points and his insistence on the League of Nations, he deserves the highest pedestal in history. They portray the President as having fallen among thieves in Paris and as meriting the greatest credit for having achieved as much as he did in his single-handed battling against the subtle trickeries of cynical, Old-World diplomats. They ask what would have happened to the beaten enemy and to Russia if Mr. Wilson had not been there, and, sincerely believing that the League of Nations has come to stay and is in fact the beginning of a new world-order, they feel, as General Smuts has just put it, that Mr. Wilson accomplished more than enough to entitle him to the thanks of mankind.

For such as these Mr. Lansing's story affords no comfort at all. The picture that he paints is one that no historian can afford to overlook who proposes to draw a truthful portrait of Mr. Wilson, and it is anything but a flattering one. To this those of Mr. Wilson's defenders whose minds are closed will reply that Mr. Lansing, being a dismissed official, writes as one with a grudge. Fortunately for the former Secretary of State, not only is he able to document his case in considerable degree, but time has been on his side and also the outcome of the Conference. His judgments and opinions and prophecies have been upheld by the march of events, just as those critics like *The Nation* who attacked the treaty as soon as it appeared, as both dishonorable and unworkable and one the American people could not accept, have had their contentions upheld not only by the "solemn referendum" of the American electorate last fall, but by the daily events abroad. Mr. Lansing was perfectly clear at the time as to what an abortion the Paris Conference had given birth to, for on May 8, 1919, he wrote of it in his diary:

> The impression made by it [the treaty] is one of disappointment and of depression. The terms of peace appear immeasurably harsh and humiliating, while many of them seem to me impossible of performance. . . . It must be admitted in honesty that the League is *an instrument of the mighty to check the normal growth of national power and national aspirations* among those who have been rendered impotent by defeat. . . . This war was fought by the United States to destroy forever the conditions which produced it. These conditions *have not been destroyed.* They have been supplanted by other conditions equally productive of hatred, jealousy, and suspicion.

To this he added his belief that the League was simply an alliance of the five great military Powers, that justice was secondary and might primary in the settlement, and that the treaty could not bring peace "because it is founded on the shifting sands of self-interest." "Mr. Wilson," Mr. Lansing now declares, "won a great personal triumph, but he did so by surrendering the fundamental principle of the equality of nations. In his eagerness to 'make the world safe for democracy' he abandoned international democracy and became the advocate of international autocracy."

Nothing could be added today, after two fateful years, during which the world has not progressed further toward peace, to this characterization in 1919 of a treaty which was madness from the beginning, nor to this analysis of the

[1] *The Peace Negotiations.* Houghton Mifflin Company.

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League, for it was precisely because the League, as now constituted, gives to the five dominant Powers control of the world that its defeat in the Senate was made possible. Mr. Lansing quickly saw, too, that instead of the League's being created as an agency to prevent war it was chiefly to be an agency to carry out the terms of peace. He was utterly opposed to the interweaving of the Covenant of the League, as Colonel House seems also to have been, since to this fact, according to common report, is to be attributed the break between Colonel House and Mr. Wilson. Indeed, Mr. Lansing directly charges the ex-President with misrepresenting facts to the American people on March 28, 1919, when he assured the public that it was not true that the drafting and interweaving of the Covenant was responsible for delaying the peace. "Why attempt," wrote Mr. Lansing in his diary (which in Paris had a lock upon it besides being always locked in a drawer), "to refute what is manifestly true?" He admits, however, that the ex-President's action may have been due to his having failed to appreciate the exact situation existing at Paris—an alternative not complimentary to the President's acumen.

Mr. Lansing was opposed to the League of Nations as now constituted from the beginning. As far back as May 25, 1916, a year before we went into the war, in a letter to Mr. Wilson he opposed the doctrines of the League to Enforce Peace, declaring with rarely prophetic vision that "popular opinion as well as the Senate would reject" any treaty which limited our independence of action to the will of other nations across the seas. He did not believe that America should bind itself to fight wars abroad at the behest of an international body and leaned to the opinion that the use of force in compelling acceptance of a decision could be avoided by a resort to economic compulsion. He wanted to obviate the necessity of forcing nations to abstain from invading other countries by asking the nations to give a mutual understanding not to impair the territory or the sovereignty of any state. Just as Senator Knox has argued that we should build on the Hague Tribunal, so Mr. Lansing wanted the basic principle for the new organization to be judicial settlement. From the beginning he had valuable constructive criticisms to make. He found, to his grief, on the way to France that political expediency and diplomatic adjustment "tinctured with morality" were to be the President's basis for the settlement of international controversy. In Paris he laid before the President a memorandum on the "Constitutional power to provide coercion in a treaty," in which he declared that any attempt to contract by treaty to create a state of war upon certain contingencies would be unconstitutional, "null and inoperative." But as was frequently the President's habit in dealing with Mr. Lansing, Mr. Wilson neither acknowledged receipt of the covering letter nor of the memorandum, and he did not consult with his Secretary about the matter.

Mr. Lansing thinks that Mr. Wilson's distrust of him came originally from the fact that he is a lawyer. At the conference of the American Peace Commissioners on January 10, 1919, Mr. Wilson bluntly told Mr. Lansing that he "did not intend to have lawyers drafting the treaty of peace." Thereafter, Mr. Lansing, and with him Mr. White and General Bliss, were left much in outer darkness. Mr. Lansing's book contains a picture of these three gentlemen sarcastically entitled "The Daily Conference of the American Peace Commission." This abbreviated Commission often knew very little of what was going on and sometimes ascertained that from members of foreign peace commissions or the press representatives. Yet when Mr. Wilson sailed for Paris Mr. Lansing was left in charge, or in a coregency with Colonel House, and, of course, when the League of Nations Covenant was finished it was largely the work of a lawyer, Mr. David Hunter Miller of New York. It would have been easy for Mr. Wilson to relieve Mr. Lansing if he had lost faith in him on the ground that he was needed in the State Department, but he kept him in Paris, and for patriotic reasons Mr. Lansing hung on although subjected to great humiliation. In his book he discusses the question whether Mr. Wilson can brook criticism or not. He hopes that the President's attitude toward him was due to a misunderstanding of his [Lansing's] motives, but he is compelled to record his belief that Mr. Wilson "was irritated by opposition to his views, however moderately urged, and that he did not like to have his judgment questioned even in a friendly way." Alas, there are dozens upon dozens of others who have come to this same conclusion after personal experience; it is, to date, the sole known reason for Mr. Wilson's throwing over Colonel House, than whom no man ever served his country or his chief more unselfishly or more devotedly. Again, says Mr. Lansing in the course of his portraiture, "He [Mr. Wilson] seemed to lack the ability to forgive one who had in any way offended him or opposed him." And it is also enlightening that "there is in the President's mentality a strange mixture of positiveness and indecision which is almost paradoxical"; "suddenness rather than promptness has always marked his decisions"; "to put off a decision to the last moment is a trait of Mr. Wilson's character." Mr. Lansing's revelations do anything but enhance the credit of Mr. Wilson's personality.

How wide the breach between the two men was appears from each successive chapter. The Secretary of State wanted a carefully thought-out American program to take to Paris; Mr. Wilson took none—he admitted he had not even read the secret treaties which were the key to the whole political side of the struggle. Then they disagreed on self-determination, Mr. Lansing believing that if applied to every case it would become a source of political instability and rebellion. Mr. Lansing was also absolutely opposed to the system of mandates, originated by General Smuts, and he charges that the Allies set afoot a deliberate propaganda to induce the United States to accept mandates over Constantinople and Armenia, both of which would be a heavy burden to the mandatory Power, while reserving for themselves rich and prosperous territories. Those who were engaged in this propaganda did so, Mr. Lansing says, for the purpose of taking "advantage of the unselfishness of the American people and of the altruism and idealism of President Wilson." Then Mr. Lansing, in this case rightly, opposed the President by favoring the speedy negotiation of a preliminary treaty which should contain a set of declarations as to the League of Nations and an agreement for a future international conference to draft the details. Had this policy been adopted and vexed territorial questions left to later negotiation the whole situation of the world would be vastly better today, a financial catastrophe would not be so imminent, and hundreds of thousands of people would have been saved from death by slow starvation.

To the proposed "triple alliance" treaty with France and England Mr. Lansing, General Bliss, and Mr. White were entirely opposed, and the fact that this treaty, which would have bound us to spring to France's rescue *in perpetuo*, has

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never had a moment's serious consideration in Washington bears out the correctness of their position. Mr. Lansing declares that this proposed treaty was agreed to by Mr. Wilson solely in order to do away with the French demand for an international military staff and for the creation of an independent Rhenish Republic (with which we are still threatened in March, 1921).

But the classic example of the way Mr. Wilson was betrayed by his expediency and sacrificed everything for the Covenant still remains—Shantung. Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, it appears, went before the Chinese delegation after the President's surrender and said to its members that: the President was very sorry that he had not been able to do more for China but that he had been compelled to accede to Japan's demand "in order *to save the League of Nations.*" Not unnaturally Mr. Lansing describes this in his diary as an "iniquitous bargain" and "a flagrant denial of undoubted right." Mr. Lansing points out that it was the result of secret diplomacy, because the "arguments which prevailed with the President were those to which he listened when in secret council with M. Clemenceau and Mr. Lloyd George." So murder will out. Mr. Lansing declares that the Japanese threats were "nothing but bluff," but the President yielded before them as he threw overboard, one after another, all of the Fourteen Points. Even members of the British peace staff bewailed the fact: "they had counted on him to stand firmly by his guns and face down the intriguers."

It is the President's secret diplomacy in Paris that Mr. Lansing most severely criticizes. When the writer of these lines left the Crillon after the indignation meeting of the American correspondents when it became known that Mr. Wilson had surrendered on the open covenants of peace, a distinguished Kansas editor prophetically remarked to him: "It's all up with Mr. Wilson. Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando will now take Mr. Wilson into a private chamber and rob him to their hearts' content, and the outside world will not even hear his cries for mercy." Mr. Lansing on January 29, 1919, remonstrated with the President, declaring that his private conferences were "making a bad impression everywhere." The President heard him in silence. On March 29, Mr. Lansing told his faithful diary that "Secret diplomacy is reaping a new harvest of execrations and condemnations. Will the practice ever cease?" The record of the Paris proceedings he later declared to be one of "the abandonment of principle, of the failure to follow precepts unconditionally proclaimed, of the repudiation by act, if not by word, of a new and better type of international intercourse."

It is no exaggeration to say that if Mr. Lansing, when he appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on his return from Paris, had blurted out the whole truth he has recorded here, the treaty fight would have ended at least six months earlier. If after its publication now there is any prospect left for an American acceptance of the Covenant we shall be very much surprised. For we believe the reasoning of Mr. Lansing as to the Covenant, the crimes of the treaty, and its fundamental errors to be so sound as to be unanswerable. Expediency may have ruled in Paris; there is no need for it now. Undoubtedly as the financial situation in Europe gets worse we shall be told again that it is all our fault for not accepting Mr. Wilson's handicraft and entering the League—which presupposes our ability to have dominated it had we entered it. Mr. Lansing favored our accepting the treaty. He admits that his position was "paradoxical. I was opposed to the Treaty but signed it and favored its ratification. . . . Even if the Treaty was bad in certain provisions; so long as the President remained inflexible and insistent, its ratification without change seemed a duty to humanity." He still thinks he was right in this position, but in so doing he is guilty of that very expediency of which he accuses the President. We were to swallow monstrous wrongs, to break our own plighted faith so as to get the miserable old treaty done and over with! For the sake of peace we were to become *particeps criminis*. Fortunately, it was not to be, and now we have Briand's word that the treaty is dead.

But this paradoxical position of Mr. Lansing's raises anew the whole question of his own position in Paris. Ought he not to have resigned, particularly after the Shantung outrage? There can be no question that had he done so it would have been to his profit. He himself says that he withheld his resignation because it "would have undoubtedly caused an unfortunate, if not a critical, situation." He bore unbearable slights in order to have the American delegation present an unbroken front in the face of the enemy. But after all he compromised with his conscience. Like so many others he subordinated that conscience to loyalty, and to the outside world sponsored what he knew to be monstrous wrongs; he was betrayed by the hidebound regularity of the place-holder. He is indignant at Mr. Bullitt for what he terms the betrayal of a confidence in telling the Senate Committee what Mr. Lansing's real views were. But at least Mr. Bullitt refused to be a party to the confidence game which was then being worked on the American people—when they were being told that the spurious coin offered them was the pure gold with which the reconstitution of the world was to be achieved. Loyalty to one's superior and to one's crowd can go much too far. There are times when a man should place his insistence upon serving the right and his soul above all else, and as his decision goes so is his final place in history often fixed. It seems to us that the place for Mr. Lansing to have spoken out was Paris, and the time, March, 1919; not March, 1921. Now he is compelled to write a defense of his paradoxical position. Had he, like Wolsey, served his God as he served his country in Paris, had he refused to compromise, he would today be beyond the need of any defense, and, in his shining righteousness, would have been one of the great patriotic figures of the country.

Moreover, it is quite possible now to speculate as to what would have happened if Mr. Lansing, instead of persuading General Bliss to destroy the letter of resignation which that officer wrote, had joined with him and Mr. Henry White in throwing down the gauntlet to Mr. Wilson. If instead of Mr. Lansing's reasoning with the President those three gentlemen had demanded that they be treated as something else than dummies, under penalty of immediate resignation and a public statement, something would have happened. Similarly, a united front of these three gentlemen on the Shantung issue with the threat of truth telling would have probably stopped that outrage.

We need open diplomacy for a "new and better type of international intercourse," as Mr. Lansing affirms in this book, but even more we need statesmen who will speak out at any cost when statesmanship becomes a magnificent conspiracy against right and justice; we need statesmen and diplomatists who will serve the truth first and last. Those who begin to do so will be among the great men of history.

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Exit Georgia

By PAXTON HIBBEN

THE most significant event in connection with the Russion situation that has occurred since the collapse of the Wrangel adventure took place on February 19. Georgia, the last hold of the anti-Bolshevists between India and the Mediterranean and between the White Sea and the Persian Gulf, turned soviet. At the crossroads of the world between East and West, Georgia is the last of the Transcaucasia states that separate Bolshevist Russia from Bolshevist Turkey to succumb to the soviet influence. The event is the culmination of a long campaign of quiet but effective propaganda emanating from the Kremlin, whose strength has been not so much in what Soviet Russia can or will do for the Transcaucasia states as in what the Western European Powers have failed to do for them. For precisely three years the Transcaucasia states have waited upon some action by Peace Conference, Supreme Council, Assembly of the League of Nations, or the individual European governments vitally concerned in maintaining the road to India and the Middle East open for the non-soviet world, to enable them to stand alone. They have waited in vain.

When it is recalled that from Batum, Georgia, on the Black Sea, the route runs which forms the most direct way to Tabriz, Teheran, and all Persia, and that from Batum, through Baku and across the Caspian to Krasnavodsk, is the shortest way from Western Europe to Bokhara, Khiva, Afghanistan, and all northern India, the importance of the conversion of Georgia to the soviet idea is apparent. The "all rail route to India" via the Syrian desert and southern Persia, for which Great Britain arranged with France on December 23, is a mere makeshift intended to discount the loss of the one natural route that has served mankind for countless centuries—that across the Transcaucasian isthmus. From a political standpoint it is not that Russia has gained so much—the road to Persia, Bokhara, Afghanistan, and India has been open to the Soviets since the annihilation of the Denikin army a year ago. What is significant is that the political influences which are opposing bolshevism have lost their last base of operations in the Middle East, anywhere.

There is not—or at least there should not be—anything surprising in the sovietization of the Georgian Republic. It has been coming for a long time, and those in Europe who have given the matter even superficial consideration must have been aware of it. On November 11, 1919, I filed a press dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune* describing the abortive attempt to effect a bolshevist revolution in Georgia which even then only failed by the narrowest margin. My message was stopped at Constantinople by Admiral Bristol, who sent Commander Haynes to Tiflis to ask me what I meant by trying to send such a dispatch. I tried to convince Commander Haynes that the message was true in every detail, that Georgia was even then ripe for revolution, and that if any serious attempt were made to bring about a change of government in Georgia it would probably succeed. I told him that the Georgian army was shot through with bolshevism and could not be counted upon to resist the soviet influence, and quite a number of other things which are plain to anyone, now. Commander Haynes got most of his information from Russian Czarist refugees, and would believe nothing else; so my message was never passed. Nevertheless, a serious attempt at a soviet revolution has been made in Georgia at last, and has succeeded. On March 10, even Batum, under the very guns of the Allied Black Sea fleet, went soviet with little struggle. So much for censorship.

Since November 11, 1919, a great many things have happened in Transcaucasia; but none of them has strengthened the position of the Bolshevists' opponents. Denikin was defeated. Wrangel made his attempt and failed miserably. Mr. Colby wrote his celebrated note of August 11, 1920, in which he refused to recognize "the independence of the so-called republics of Georgia and Azerbaijan." The Armenian and Georgian Republics were refused admission to the League of Nations. Mustapha Kemal swept into Armenia and conquered the country in contempt of President Wilson's "arbitration" of the Armenian boundary with Turkey. Most significant of all, the Moslem Republic of Azerbaijan on April 28, 1920, by a comparatively bloodless revolution within the country, and not through any invasion by the Red army of Russia, turned bolshevist—and liked it.

The defection of Azerbaijan was the most serious blow to the anti-bolshevists not only in Transcaucasia and the Near East generally, but also in Western Europe. Not only did it furnish the partisans of communism a base of operations from which India, Persia, and Turkey could readily be reached, but it provided a local Red army, recruited among the Tartars of Azerbaijan, with which whatever military operations might seem advisable could be carried out with no drain on the armed forces of Soviet Russia, proper. There has been a concerted effort in press dispatches to show that a large Russian Red army has been maintained in Transcaucasia. On January 12, for example, the New York *Times* published a Constantinople dispatch stating that "the Eleventh Soviet Russian Army had been withdrawn from Armenia and that the bolshevist troops in Georgia had likewise been ordered out." Of course there were no "bolshevist troops in Georgia" and eye-witnesses who have just arrived from Tiflis inform me that the bolshevist troops in Armenia were not from Russia at all, but from Baku. It was the radical Russian and Armenian workmen in the oil fields of Azerbaijan who effected the revolution in that country and who were at once formed into a soviet army for Transcaucasian use.

The most serious blow to the anti-Bolshevists in the defection of Azerbaijan was, however, the fact that comparative prosperity followed the sovietization of Azerbaijan. Where the British during their occupation of Transcaucasia, between November, 1918, and July 15, 1920, had kept the oil wells of Baku closed in an effort to break the oil land owners and thus force them to sell their holdings to British capitalists for a song, Soviet Russia opened up the oil fields again and 60,000 idle and discontented workmen were once more able to earn enough to live on. Of course, Soviet Russia profited by the oil; but the concrete example of material prosperity following the adoption of a soviet system was worth far more to the communists than fuel oil. It was the oil of successful propaganda, and the Russian

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agents scattered throughout Transcaucasia lost nothing of the talking advantage that this fact gave them. In an Armenia without other food than that furnished through American charity; without adequate means of defense against their secular enemies, the Turks; with no agricultural implements, beasts of burden, or other means of material rehabilitation; overrun with almost half a million pathetic and helpless refugees from Turkish Armenia, whose presence further impoverished an already destitute land, propaganda of this nature was bound to be irresistible. Independent since 1918, recognized by the United States *de facto* on April 23, 1920, the Armenians, with amazing patience and faith in the promises of America and Western Europe, had resisted every communist influence. Mr. Colby's categorical pronouncement, on August 11, 1920, in respect of "Finland proper, ethnic Poland, and such territory as may by agreement form a part of the Armenian state," that "the aspirations of these nations for independence are legitimate," seemed to hold forth a definite prospect of urgently needed material aid.

At that very hour, however, the Turkish Nationalists were preparing an offensive against the Armenian Republic. Pleas and appeals for assistance launched broadcast by the Armenian Government brought only fine phrases. Late in October the attack began. On November 4 Kars fell and the victorious Turkish army swept through Armenia virtually unresisted. The lesson was unmistakable: Azerbaijan had prospered by adopting communism. By fighting communism, Armenia had been destroyed. On December 6, therefore, the proletariat of Armenia rose in revolt against a government whose best men spent most of their time in Paris or Geneva or San Remo or London, following the Supreme Council about begging for help which never came. The Socialist Soviet Republic of Armenia was proclaimed.

Only Georgia remained. With Georgia, the pressure of poverty and economic anarchy had never been so great as with Azerbaijan and Armenia. There were, it is true, several hundred thousand refugees in Georgia also—mostly anti-bolshevist Russians who had fled to Tiflis with what wealth they could carry, non-producers, useless alike for work or war. But Georgia has two outlets on the sea, at Batum and Poti, and a certain amount of foodstuffs and necessary supplies could be obtained from the Western world. The Georgians were pinched, certainly, and their paper money being valueless outside Transcaucasia they had difficulty in paying for what they required from abroad.

But Georgia produces the best manganese in the world and manganese is greatly in demand; manganese was therefore bartered for food and materials of first necessity. Georgia had not formed the very frontier and fighting ground of war from 1914 to 1920, as had Armenia and Azerbaijan. The returning troops of the disintegrated Russian Caucasus army, who swept northward after the bolshevist revolution of 1918, destroying as they went, passed Georgia by while they laid waste what war had left standing in Armenia and Azerbaijan. Georgia, too, had a railroad which connected the interior with the Black Sea and, through Azerbaijan (when there happened to be peace between the two countries), with the Caspian. What industries the Russians had established in Transcaucasia were in Georgia. Tiflis, a city of a quarter of a million before the war, grown almost to a million from the influx of refugees, boasts electric lights, electric street cars, factories, mills, a grand opera, a Russian ballet, and excellently paved, well-laid-out streets. What prosperity had escaped the blight of war in Transcaucasia was centered in Georgia.

The Government, albeit a socialist republic, was far from bolshevist. Some of the best educated and cleverest political figures of Imperial Russia were in the Georgian Government, and they were intelligent enough to see that socialism was the order of the day and to accept the socialistic trend. Large estates were confiscated. The manganese mines and the silk cocoon crop, constituting together the principal sources of revenue from exports, were nationalized and the proceeds of their sale applied to the purchase of supplies by the Georgian Government. The great private clubs with their ornate gardens were thrown open to all comers for a few cents' admission. A seat at the opera cost eight cents, and everybody went. On the whole, a distinct effort was made in Georgia to meet the demands of the more radical element while at the same time retaining a form of government with which the Western European nations would be willing to deal.

President Jordania, with his long record of service to the doctrines of Karl Marx, inspired confidence in the radicals, while Eugene Gueguechekori, a young man of marked culture and cosmopolitanism, who acted as President during the almost permanent illness of Jordania, treated with the various European missions according to the best traditions of Western diplomacy. David Ghambashidze, plenipotentiary of Georgia in London and Paris, was a man of the world who inspired the fullest confidence in the stability of his Government and the good sense of his compatriots. Even the reactionary French could scarcely shy at a government in which Prince Napoleon Murat, a great-great grandson of Napoleon's marshal and first cousin of Prince Joachim Murat, Senator of France, held a high place in the ministry for foreign affairs.

There was therefore every reason why the European Powers should, from their point of view, do all in their power to aid the menshevist government of Georgia to maintain itself, and none why Georgia should have been left to be overwhelmed by the rising tide of communism. Yet they did not. Every policy, every act of Britain, France, and Italy in Georgia from the beginning of the British occupation, immediately after the armistice in 1918, and following the departure of the German mission to Transcaucasia on October 12, 1918, until the final reluctant withdrawal of the British troops last July, was calculated to exploit the country to the maximum, to reduce both Government and people to a degree of poverty and want so desperate that this wholesale exploitation might be the more cheaply and more readily compassed.

The crudity with which the Georgian Republic and the Georgian people were held up and looted is scarcely believable. There were three Allied "missions" in Tiflis when we arrived in the late summer of 1919, going full swing—British, French, and Italian. They were there in a blaze of war-like uniforms—bankers, promoters, engineers, who had never seen a gun or heard a shot fired, and whose general's stars were shiny new—to impress the natives with their importance and authority. Their business was concession hunting—mining rights, water rights, railway concessions, municipal contracts, loan flotations—anything not nailed down. For its independence Georgia must mortgage itself, body, boots, and breeches, for generations to come, by much the same method of protected foreign capital invest-

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ment as Venizelos had pledged in Greece as the price of his continued premiership.

The great copper mines of Alaverdi, in the Borchalo district, immediately south of Tiflis, were the capital prize. No sooner had the Allied missions arrived in Georgia than their intrigues to secure possession of this valuable property brought on a ten days' war between Armenia and Georgia, which Gen. Sir W. Rycroft ended by erecting Borchalo into a neutral zone. The French thereupon secured the mines from the Armenians, but the British countered by awarding the disputed district, mines and all, to Georgia, without the knowledge of the French. It was this anomalous situation, in which nationalistic passions had been artificially stimulated from without, which finally led to the hostilities between Soviet Armenia and Georgia, just ended with the sovietization of Georgia.

Similar procedure was followed by the Allied missions over the manganese mines of Mingrelia, the tobacco fields of Sukhum, the silk orchards of Kutais, and everything else of value or prospective value in the Georgian Republic. It was a scramble, with each mission undercutting the others, intriguing, cajoling, offering bribes of influence with the Peace Conference to obtain commercial prizes, or threatening the partition of Georgia among the other Transcaucasian states to prevent a concession going to rival interests. The British specialized in loans. A brigadier general represented a well-known financial house in London, with the aim of tying Georgia up by some such permanent mortgage as the Anglo-Persian agreement of August, 1919. The French specialized in mines, while the Italians, with an eye to immediate turnover, sold rifles, ammunition, and shoes captured from the Austrians to Georgians, Azerbaijanians, and Armenians without favoritism, to equip armies in each country to fight the others.

And in this process of exploitation the Transcaucasian ruble (based, after all, on quite as sound a foundation as pound, franc, or lira) was hammered down by the concerted action of three great Powers until its market value was little more than that of Confederate money. Then with their paper pounds, francs, and lire, they bought labor at a dollar a month and despoiled a poverty-stricken and desperate people of their last personal valuables—jewelry, rugs, furs, silver—which the Georgians were forced to sell for bread. In Batum I counted sixty bales of ten priceless Persian rugs, each, which one Allied army officer had bought and was shipping home. He had passed them through the Georgian customs duty free by declaring them as army blankets!

With a get-rich-quick opportunity like this within reach, none of the European nations wanted to see Georgia made economically stable by the advance of adequate credits to enable the little republic to begin its own regeneration. And resist as they would the efforts of these advance agents of civilization to strip their country of the last resources upon which it must depend for admission on a practicable basis to the markets of the world, the Georgians were forced to yield little by little—a concession here, a mining right there, a municipal contract or an order for railway rolling stock. And with each grant yielded, the avidity of the exploiters grew. The cash to enable the Georgian Government to pay its army, to employ its idle and grumbling workmen, to reduce its ruinous taxes, was withheld always a little longer to permit some belated profiteer to get in on the ground floor. It is the same policy which the Entente Powers have followed with every little nation, from Poland and Greece to Azerbaijan and Siam, since the armistice.

In the case of Georgia, which is merely typical, the goose was laying the golden eggs. But the representatives of Western Europe were blind to the increasing thousands in Georgia who did not know where their next meal was to come from. I saw families who had known every luxury—and who had never known anything else—thrown into the streets because they could no longer pay a rent of $5 per month. And when I went to the landlord to protest against such cruelty, I found him living in a great house from which he was slowly stripping the furniture, the table linen, the silver, room by room, to keep from starving.

It was horrible, grotesque, topsy-turvy. The country was rich, the people eager to work. They had their outlet on the sea (when the British finally evacuated it) to ship their products abroad, and their products were in demand in the world's markets. Yet by a combination of spoliation—a stupid combination, that killed the goose of the golden eggs—the country was robbed instead of being helped to its feet. The same is true of Greece, of Poland, of Austria, of Serbia, of Syria, of Persia—and will be true of Turkey, if Mustapha Kemal permits it.

Of course, in Georgia it could not last. Soviet Russia was too near at hand. Communism may not be desirable, but to many it is preferable to economic slavery. The example of Azerbaijan was there at hand, where an escape from Western European exploitation to communism had meant prosperity. The patience of the Georgians ended. After three years of waiting, the Supreme Allied Council finally, a month ago, recognized Georgia as *de jure* an independent nation.

It was too late. The operation was successful—but the patient died.

Acquaintance

By DAVID MORTON

All that we know of April is her way
  Of coming on the world through gentle springs,
Turning the hedge a whitening line of spray,
  Staining the grass with shivered, golden things.
She has a way of rain against the sun,
  Of moonlit orchards, ghostly white and still,
And the slow, silver coming, one by one,
  Of burning stars above a purple hill.

And this is all we know of such as she,
  These shining names she leaves for us to call:
The whitening hedge, the showery apple tree,
  And golden jonquils gathering by a wall. . . .
All that we know of April is her way,
  And these bright legends we have learned to say.

The second article in the series on Mexico—1921 by Paul Hanna, entitled A Labor Republic, will appear in the forthcoming issue of THE NATION.

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Unemployment and Closed Shop in Cohoes

By CEDRIC LONG

COHOES, New York, has an unsavory reputation in both labor and social welfare circles. It is a textile city. It is a city owned by absentee landlords. Like so many communities that produce great wealth, it is indescribably dirty, ramshackle, unkempt. The rest of the State is quite in order if it asks how and why all this happens.

There is no finer water power anywhere than that of the Mohawk River just before it empties into the Hudson. Outsiders went there years ago and bought the rights to that power. They also bought up a great deal of land. Today these outsiders own one of the largest hydro-electric plants in the country, millions of dollars' worth of land, buildings and machinery, and hundreds of the tenements in which the workers live. The people of Cohoes own almost nothing. The local newspaper is supported by outside advertisers. There is no real public library in town, no reading room, no decent hotel or restaurant, no Y. M. C. A. A Salvation Army station leads a precarious existence; and this winter an outside evangelist has been giving the Protestant population twenty-eight consecutive days of hellfire-and-brimstone religion. The worker of Cohoes, in order to make a living, mortgages very much of his body and soul to non-residents, and now unemployment takes from this worker even his right to make a living—all of which requires an explanation.

During the war the textile industry prospered. Cohoes ran its thirty cotton, shoddy, batting, and woolen underwear mills to capacity, manufacturing surgical gauze, cotton batting, and woolen underwear. Between 4,500 and 5,000 men and women were employed at this work. Profits were high, wages good, and the city prospered. Workers paid their bills and laid up savings and it was not until the late spring of 1920 that real depression began.

But within the industry itself labor history was being made. Previous to the war, the manufacturers had, of course, taught their help the good American lesson which demonstrates that competition leads to success. The workers competed valiantly for jobs and for favor in the eyes of the boss. They competed, but wages went steadily downward and the speed of the machinery increased. A few of the wisest among them began to realize that the truly successful competitor in all this was the owner of the industry; and a union was started. But war came along and brought good fortune to the workers. Formerly they had competed for jobs; now the jobs grew in number and competed for workers. The bosses vied with one another for the favor of the men and bid against each other for labor. Wages went up and organizing activity was not discouraged. By 1919, the United Textile Workers had almost 100 per cent of the industry unionized. The workers, for the first time in their history, had economic power.

And yet, economic power is not economic understanding. There are 3,000 workers in the twenty woolen mills of the city alone. By late spring of 1920 orders came to the manufacturers in smaller volume than formerly. A few orders were canceled. Some of the manufacturers began to wonder if all was right with the market. Labor, however, was blindly optimistic. When the little independent union of mule spinners found a grievance with the powerful United Textile Workers over a matter of death benefit to the family of a deceased worker, warfare started between the two labor groups and the U. T. W. struck for a closed shop. The bosses tried some conciliatory methods at first, hoping that good times might continue if serious labor trouble could be averted.

Finally, the manufacturers saw the inevitability of a dead market. They decided to put the blame for unemployment upon labor. Therefore, when the union leaders came around next time and talked closed shop, they complied. On July 6 the woolen mills of the city were closed to all union members; and workers were told that they must apply to the office individually for jobs. A handful drifted back, worked spasmodically for a few days or a few weeks, and, with one exception, the mills closed down entirely. The industry was headed at full speed for an abyss; the union got the entire credit throughout the city for pushing it over the edge, for throwing thousands of God-fearing men and women out of work, for taking bread from the mouths of women and children, for creating eight months of unemployment. Priest, newspaper editor and preacher, storekeeper and mill foreman will tell you that the workers are floundering in a hole of their own digging, and many of the workers half believe it. In the early autumn the Harmony Cotton Mills gradually closed down and threw 1,500 more out of work. Since most of these also belong to the union, they likewise were held responsible for their own unemployment. The bosses got the credit for good times, the workers for bad.

Recently the manufacturers, textile and others, in the cities of Troy, Cohoes, and Waterford have united in a Tri-City Manufacturers' Association for the more effective waging of their open-shop campaign. Their secretary is a man who revels in unemployment and union-baiting. When he left the Poughkeepsie Manufacturers' Association office to take up work in Cohoes, the labor body of that city gave him a send-off in the form of a little pamphlet especially devoted to the exposure of his union-breaking methods and to warn Cohoes unionists against him.

To date this open-shop campaign is highly successful. The textile workers have no fighting power whatever. Troy collar workers have never been successfully organized, anyway. At present this Manufacturers' Association is conducting a fight against two or three smaller miscellaneous industries which are on strike—the millions of dollars of the Manufacturers' Association pitted against the staying power of a few score workers. Newspapers report that one factory is patrolled by State guards, each guard accompanied by a police dog. And meanwhile there are thousands of unemployed walking the streets of these cities, anyone of whom may have a job in these factories by applying to the Tri-City Manufacturers' employment bureau.

This secretary informed me that his office was a "clearing house for information" about workers (the union leaders already know it for a black-list office). I asked about discrimination. "We don't object to unions, but of course none of our members would hire a man who has been agitating and getting his name in the papers and that sort of thing." I thought of the Association of Textile Manufacturers in Passaic and their "employment office," which is today the center for a vast network of espionage covering the entire

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city and environs and costing thousands of dollars a month. The Tri-City Manufacturers' Association is still young. In time it will doubtless develop the effectiveness of similar organizations in Passaic, Duquesne, Pennsylvania, and the Virginia coal fields. It has not yet begun wholesale espionage simply because it has not met the resistance which warrants such extensive methods. Upstate labor is extremely conservative; unemployment is prevalent. The opening of this office under such circumstances is a compliment.

A 22½ per cent cut in wages is scheduled for all textile mills upon resumption of work. Open shop is also on the schedule, of course. Huge bills to the grocer, the coal dealer, the landlord haunt many of the workers night and day. While they look ahead to all this, they are wandering about in a city of mean, small tenements, no recreation except the cheap movies, dirty streets, bleak winds, and a pervasive atmosphere of pessimism and gloom. Of the 7,500 wage earners in the city one-third have been idle since last summer, approximately two-thirds since autumn, yet the Polish, Russian, and Italian populations have devised methods of saving money. The sufferers are American and French Canadian, and even these run deeply into debt and endure extreme hardships before they withdraw their savings from the banks. It seems incredible that a city of 23,000 people, after many months without income, should have between eleven and twelve thousand savings accounts in its banks, and that not a store should have been forced to close its doors.

The working man of Cohoes, *as an individual*, is not, generally, experiencing any real physical hardship. He could continue his present manner of life for several weeks more. His worst suffering is mental and spiritual. He has continual cause for worry about the future of his family and himself. But the working man, *as union member*, is suffering severely. His organization is down in the mud and being trampled upon and everyone knows it and says so. In place of the spirit of independence which belongs to a man who carries a union card and fights beside his fellow-worker for decent living conditions there is now humiliation and anger. Doubtless the textile union of Cohoes was a very feeble affair, lacking in real leadership, a remnant of the worst traditions of antiquated unionism; but it was the instrument he had used to raise himself from a position of abject poverty and servility. He never philosophized much about capital and labor; he was willing to be patronized a good deal by his boss, and he thought of a "class war" only as a mental concoction of anarchists. But he now has a developing hatred of certain vague forces which conspire to push him back to where he was ten years ago. The press, some of his friends, the churches, all tell him that he, with his union, caused this trouble. The movies and the school teacher repeat the charge to his children. Are they right? He joins a few of his fellow-unionists for long talks in the union hall and together they try to untangle the great puzzle.

Meanwhile, the manufacturers, some and perhaps all of the ministers and priests, the bankers, many of the merchants, are happy and comfortable. Optimism prevails throughout the center of the city. Wages are back to normal, the open shop is an accomplished fact, the old "rights" are restored, labor domination is ended. What looked to the manufacturers like a tremendous financial crisis turns out to be an unemployment godsend. One druggist says the people are quite comfortable and affirms that he is losing no business. "I am cutting prices on goods, doing five times normal business, and making at least 30 per cent profit on everything." Furthermore, the machinery for maintaining normal labor conditions is now established and running smoothly. If labor becomes fractious, a little lubrication and careful manipulation of this machinery will render it as effective as that in Passaic or Lawrence or Bethlehem. For the black list leads to under-cover work, provocation, and possible violence as inevitably as armament on the part of competitor nations leads to war. The manufacturers, to be sure, are blind to the future; sufficient unto today is the knowledge that unemployment has brought them the Open Shop.

During the past few weeks the Harmony Mills have slowly begun operations again and 1,500 workers will gradually fit back into the places before their machines. These men and women have work at reduced wages; they lose the organization which lifted them from utter misery to a height where they could see some hope in life. There is work—and bitterness. And the stage set for future trouble if the spirit of independence breaks out again.

Other textile centers are resuming work gradually. They have had long periods of unemployment. Other industries the nation over are in much the same position. Is unemployment throughout the United States merely an introductory chapter to a fiercer warfare between Capital and Labor than we have yet witnessed? Certain political forces in New York State are strongly urging the abolition of the State Employment Service. Is this for the purpose of placing employment facilities in the hands of other manufacturers' associations and black-listing agencies? Are hundreds of thousands of workers who were good union members a few months back and who have been turned into the streets by the industrial crisis to be sifted carefully through the sieve of the open shop, union-baiting Garys, and William Woods, and Atterburys of industry? Cohoes is an indication that this is to become a general policy.

And what future has this little mill city just north of Albany? The United Textile Workers is notorious for its indifferent or reactionary leadership of the hard-pressed textile workers of the country. Yet the future of Cohoes, like the future of Pittsburgh or Paterson, depends upon the virility and intelligence of its workers and their leaders. Absentee landlords care nothing for Cohoes. The workers live in the midst of this squalor, small-town politics, unhygienic moral conditions, hell-fire evangelistic campaigns, sordid business life. Until they can formulate their aspirations in terms as unmistakable as those of the Tri-City Manufacturers' Association, and put them into practice, the textile workers of the Spindle City have a sorry future before them.

Contributors to This Issue

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PAXTON HIBBEN is a student of Eastern affairs. He accompanied the Harbord Mission to Armenia and was Associated Press correspondent in Greece, 1915-1917.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter, being a person of modest income, had enthusiastically joined the people's buying strike, and rejoiced in its apparent success. Recently, having become threadbare, he decided to desist. A Fifth Avenue department store which in recent months had opened a "Men's Shop," first attracted him. A gorgeous affair, the Drifter found it, but on discovering suits from $65 up decided it was not for him. He next ventured to his place of yesteryear's purchase, having noted with pleasure its alluring full-page advertisements, which described suits at "$50 and more." Slightly pained at finding next to nothing at less than $75, he called to the clerk's attention that prices were as high as last year. "We've come down," the salesman assured him placidly. "But how so?" replied the Drifter; "last spring I paid $70 for a suit here and these prices are now just the same or a trifle higher." "Oh well, they really are lower," responded the clerk, "the quality is better."

* * * * * *

NOW the Drifter, resolving that his long abstinence and resultant shabbiness should not be in vain, passed on to a great emporium on Madison Avenue, synonymous with the latest and best in men's clothing. Here, too, he found the late sixties and the seventies as the price level. Again he interrogated. "Yes, prices *are* lower," the clerk told him easily. "This line, for instance, was $75 last year; now it is $68." The Drifter inquired whether the clothes were all wool, and upon prompt assurance that they were, wondered aloud that the reduction was so slight. "The bottom has dropped out of the price of raw wool, labor is coming down," he urged. The clerk was ready for him. "Well, wool does not represent more than 10 to 15 per cent of the price anyhow. Labor is the big item, and that has not come down as yet." But the Drifter, disillusioned and cynical, turned on his heel and walked out, firmly resolved to continue his part, at least, of the consumers' strike, *jusqu'au bout.*

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Vatican and Ireland

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: P. D. Murphy's Cardinal Bourne and Ireland, recently published in *The Nation*, carries a page from the war-time volume of Anglo-Irish activities at the Vatican. Here are additional first-hand excerpts from the same chapter of the unpublished history of that sometime baffling period:

Roger Casement's relatives went as far as to charge that Cardinal Bourne tried to prevent the Irishman's preexecution return to the Catholic church. After Casement's death they sent Monsignor Kennedy to Rome to institute a suit against the English prelate in the ecclesiastical courts. Kennedy, who was an old, retired British army chaplain, cooperated with Monsignor O'Riordan of the Irish College in the matter of Bourne's alleged unpriestly and un-Catholic conduct. Italy is a whispering gallery, and the Vatican, try though it did, could not keep the affair quiet. It was long a tidbit on the loose tongue of Roman gossip, and the American colony was considerably interested and intrigued.

In the end Bourne was privately reprimanded by the Pope. The Cardinal, even with the backing of his Tory colleague, Gasquet, and the reactionary British Mission to the Holy See, was no match for the keen-witted Kennedy-O'Riordan duumvirate. Besides, Monsignor O'Riordan and Monsignor Kennedy undoubtedly had a religious case against the political English churchman. Incidentally, Cardinal Gasquet sits in Curia, and together with French, Italian, and German cardinals resident at Rome endeavored to interpret war-time America for the Supreme Pontiff. For notwithstanding the fundamental democracy of Catholicity and the spiritual prosperity of the church in the United States, American Catholics have no cardinal representative in the church's government at Rome.

After the Pope's chastisement of Bourne the English Foreign Office made several diplomatic gestures, which did not escape the watchful eyes of the Papacy. In fact, these were regarded as something like psychological fists, openly pointed at Benedict. Again and again, Bourne was singled out by the British Government for conspicuous notice. He made noisily trumpeted trips to the British base in Southern Italy, to the British sectors in France, and, last but by no means least, to the Holy Land.

The same Bourne is now at Rome once more, significantly minus certain baggage, which he "lost" near the Italian border. It is probable that His Eminence was robbed, and possibly the thief got something more than ecclesiastical robes of office. Nevertheless, Catholic liberalism is far from believing the unsubstantiated rumor that Bourne in England and Bishop Cohalan, the would-be ecclesiastical climber of Cork, are acting and have been acting as diplomatic agents of the Vatican. Indeed, in addition to the Casement business, there is much indirect, if not direct, evidence to the contrary.

Considered as an abstract proposition, Bourne's statement that Sinn Fein is a secret conspiracy and its republican movement anti-Catholic strikes at the roots of Catholicity. In the last analysis his reasoning denies that sovereignty is in the people and affirms the divine right of kings. Have politics made him more than a modern bedfellow of the timid Peter, whose funeral dirge only in a temporary sense was the crow of a cock? Cardinal Bellarmine in the sixteenth century and Francisco Suarez in the seventeenth century recognized the fact that "political authority in general comes directly from God to the whole community."

Up to his death a year or two ago Rev. Charles Macksey, an American Jesuit, taught the same doctrine in the Gregorian University at Rome. He gave fresh and emphatic and a very human utterance to a theory of government which had not been expounded in Gregorian University classrooms for one hundred and fifty years. In the beginning the ecclesiastical Bournes of Italy tried to influence His Holiness against such "revolutionary teaching." The Pope, however, did not heed then, and we are convinced that he will not heed now. The world is too full of Irelands, and their voices like the "voices" of Joan of Arc will not cry forever in a wilderness. Ireland is a phase of world-wide social and industrial injustice—a single letter in the universal alphabet of anti-Christian practice. Fundamentally, Ireland is less a country than a Christian principle; less a protest against imperialism than a declaration of faith.

Father Macksey ran foul of Cardinal Bourne, when the Irish Red Book was published at Rome. The little pamphlet fell like a great stick of dynamite into the complacency of the British Mission at the Vatican. Father Macksey was priest enough to love and seek justice for all men, English as well as Irish, but he was falsely accused of being responsible for the part-authorship of the Irish Red Book. Besides, the book was not a composition but a compilation of clippings from the English press, explaining and extenuating or defending the Sinn Fein position. The Irish College at Rome collected and printed the data, sending a copy of the publication to every high church and state authority in Italy and to various foreign ambassadors and officials attached to the Quirinal. The first copy was placed in the hands of His Holiness by Monsignor O'Riordan himself. This carefully planned action did much

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toward neutralizing the acid in the maneuvers of the Bourne-Gasquet anti-Irish group in Catholic Italy, at least.

O'Riordan was the most philosophical intelligence which I have ever encountered. I had a chance to weigh and judge him, when we for weeks were fellow-patients in the Blue Nuns' hospital on the fringe of the Roman Campagna. He at the time was in his final sickness, and was philosophically traveling a tortuous road to death. His place as rector of the Irish College was subsequently taken by his more fiery assistant, that brilliant historian, Father O'Hagan. For years O'Hagan has been digging historical references to Ireland from the deep and little explored soil of the Vatican archives. Long buried documents have yielded up to him diplomatic secrets, whose public telling would not always rub the tiger fur of Catholic Ireland's national sensitiveness the right way. Once I asked an American friend of Father O'Hagan whether or not the fearless Irish priest intended to publish his findings. With his reply I close this already too lengthy letter.

"Don't you know," the American answered, "that diplomacy is the hand that publishes or fails to publish history! Will Father O'Hagan give the world his revealing notes on past Anglo-Vatican diplomacy? That depends upon circumstance. I would say that publication is not in the lap of the gods—or God—but in the lap of the diplomats."

New York, March 11 JOHN HEARLEY

The Prime Object of Industry

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mr. Colcord's interesting article in your issue of March 16 he makes a sharp distinction between Capitalist and Communist industry. His distinction holds between a communist theory *at its best* and a capitalist system as administered by thoroughly selfish men. Why not compare each with the other at its best?

At present, of course, most men under any system are thinking first of getting their living and do not ask what their object in life is. They are animals before they come to act and think as men. Our real question, therefore, is what the mature and thinking men who are working any industrial scheme think of it and use it for? May I say then, as one brought up in the capitalist system (the truer name for it is the Free system), that I cannot recollect the time when I understood "that its prime object is to make money for its shareholders." I was brought up to believe that the object of every decent industry is the common welfare, that success in any industry is tested primarily by the abundance and the excellence of its product, that whether a man gets much or little money, his getting it is a shame unless he contributes something useful for human welfare. We were told that we must earn our living; this meant to do our part in the work of the world; moreover, we must be generous in our work and give "good measure, pressed down and running over."

Thousands of people were brought up with this idea of industry. I cannot see why the possession of capital is inconsistent with it, provided the individual does not claim as his own, to do as he pleases with, the common gifts of nature, such as lands, mines, water, etc. Do we need any other distinction than this, which lies between private capital, such as individuals produce, and communal or public capital, in which all men should share?

He must be very unfortunate (even as things are now) who does not know men and women who are engaged in all kinds of industry, with a fairly clear understanding of the real object of their work. Can there be any satisfaction to a man, as soon as he crosses the line from the animal to manhood, in finding that he is only a parasite on human society? That this is not yet generally understood is only another demonstration, just like the Great War, how far the world is still from genuine civilization.

Mr. Colcord closes his article well with the words: "We cannot understand the system unless we know what it is intended to do." May I suggest that we do not yet understand how beautiful a free social order may be. There are object-lessons already to show how the dreams of both individualists and socialists may be combined in some kind of free cooperation. But surely nothing that we know of history promises that we shall ever arrive at a higher plane of welfare by any method of violence or compulsion or constraint, whether at the hands of arrogant capitalists, who hold the reins over legislatures and congresses, or of other equally arrogant communists, who despise common people and claim dictatorial power over a whole nation.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., March 16 CHARLES F. DOLE

Why the Socialist Vote Shrank

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Outsiders, they say, see most of the game, so perhaps an interested observer from this side of the border who gained his first insight of industrial problems during a residence for some years in the United States can offer some explanation of the falling off in the Socialist vote. In the first place an increasing number of class-conscious workers, who otherwise would be disposed to support a Socialist candidate, have lost all faith in the political movement and advocate direct action for the overthrow of capitalism. But probably a greater factor is the falling away of the large class calling themselves Socialists without any clear-cut conception of genuine Socialist ideals, who in times of storm and pressure cannot stand the acid tests of social ostracism, the blacklist, or the boycott. Socialism in fair weather times has always attracted a number of soreheads, cherishing a vague dissatisfaction on purely personal grounds with existing conditions, and also many sentimentalists, who fancy themselves Socialists because they entertain a pious hope that the lot of the working class may be somewhat alleviated without interfering with the comfort of the propertied class or entailing any considerable inconvenience on themselves. The Socialist vote in the past has always been largely a protest vote, and this fact accounts in a great measure for the disappointing action of the German workingmen in supporting the war. The number of Socialists in Germany at that time was supposed to be 4,000,000. Had half that number been genuine class-conscious Socialists there would have been no war. We can see now that the returns of elections in normal times are deceptive and illusory as a test of the strength of socialism. Just as most of the German Socialists so-called forsook their principles to howl with the wolves under pressure of government intimidation or the influence of mob psychology, so the weak-kneed, the half-instructed, and the sentimentalists of American and Canadian socialism have been scared back into political orthodoxy by the bogy of bolshevism, skilfully exploited by the intellectual parasites of capitalism.

The shrinkage in the Socialist vote need neither surprise nor discourage anyone. It ought to have been discounted in advance. There is a valuable lesson in it which Socialists should take to heart. Instead of running election campaigns to make votes, they should be run to make Socialists—that is, purely as means of propaganda. It gets us nowhere to poll a large vote of mere malcontents, political indifferentists, and sentimental "friends of labor" uninstructed in the philosophy of socialism, who are sure to fall away when a crisis arises. In the present state of public opinion the only use we should have for elections lies in the opportunity they present for the inculcation of Socialist principles. To emulate the course of the old-party politicians by minimizing or keeping them in the background and putting the soft pedal on class-consciousness may win temporary and local victories, but can never permanently advance the cause.

Oakville, Ont., Canada, March 9 PHILLIPS THOMPSON

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Victory

By LEONORA SPEYER

Day is the heart's red field,
And many an anguish there
Is lost or won,
And many a hope lies hopeless in the sun;
But night the conqueror kind,
Spreads its blessed treaty of the stars,
Where the heart's peace is signed.

Under the moon's white flag
I meet my ambushed dreams,
I see the foe—
Whom I have faced and put to flight, I know!—
Yielding his hosts to me;
And in strong, vanquished hands I lay
My weeping victory.

Books

Mr. Choate

The Life of Joseph Hodges Choate: As Gathered Chiefly from His Letters. By Edward Sandford Martin. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. CHOATE is one of the cherished possessions of the American people. Partly this is due to the joy of creation, for we have helped to make the humorist whom we love to quote. Yet it matters little that Mr. Choate said but a part of all that is attributed to him. Tradition with customary art has confined its overlay to anecdote that is characteristic—"qui fut dans son cœur sinon sur ses lèvres." The man we remember best is not so much the lawyer and the public official as the charming entertainer. This places Mr. Choate less with Mr. Root and Mr. Hughes than with Mark Twain, "Joe" Jefferson, and Mr. Crothers—a blend of all three, though in unequal proportions. Much of his public service was rendered in his congenial role of entrepreneur of enthusiasm for many good causes. Yet, lavishly as he spent himself in this way, he gave to an arduous professional career an unflagging industry that few can rival. This is the major impression made by these two volumes. They begin with an unfinished autobiography which gives Mr. Choate's reminiscences of his boyhood and early manhood. The rest consists chiefly of Mr. Choate's letters to his family, with here and there a newspaper account or an excerpt from a speech or address and a bit of binder by Mr. Martin.

Most of the letters are to Mrs. Choate. Necessarily they give an incomplete and one-sided picture of Mr. Choate and his work. A man writes to his wife when he is separated from her. For Mr. Choate these separations usually came in the summer when he stayed in the hot city, engrossed in the infinite details of complicated lawsuits. So what we hear most about is a hard-working lawyer who greatly misses his wife. All of the letters tell much more of what Mr. Choate is doing than of what he is thinking. They give little evidence of that interest in literature or philosophy so essential to the highest intrinsic value in personal correspondence. They owe their interest mainly to our interest in Mr. Choate when he was not writing letters. Mr. Choate, as he impressed himself upon his friends and upon the public, is more unique, more vital, and more enduring than Mr. Choate writing of his daily routine. It is a pity that Mr. Martin, with his rare gifts, should have remained so largely the editor and chronicler instead of becoming more the biographer. Wherever he ventures to relax his restraint, he makes us regret the more that he subjected himself to any self-denying ordinance. The letters would have been more effective as illustrative material than as the principal part of the record. This conviction which one has from the beginning is riveted by the concluding chapter which quotes largely from the tributes paid to Mr. Choate after his death. His was a life to be written as it was seen and appreciated by the audience rather than from behind the curtain.

This is not to say that the letters lack interest. The picture of village life in New York City in the fifties and sixties has the charm of an old print. The fights against Tammany are reminders that history repeats itself. The accounts of the way law was practiced before lawyers became mostly business men show why the bar as a profession was once a public career. The letters from England give a sympathetic picture of English homes and English functions. Mr. Choate's love of Harvard and all its associations, his interest in international understanding, his devotion to the many civic and charitable causes to which he gave so much of his time, bring home to us the delight and the value of such a spirit as his. From first to last one is impressed with the refreshing absence of any cant or vanity in Mr. Choate. He was little conscious of himself. He did his part as he saw it, without philosophizing about it. Success in his profession he took seriously, without taking himself seriously. For all his playfulness and lightness of touch, the sense of duty that came from Salem continued to cling close to him in New York. Doubtless it gave him pleasure to give pleasure to others, but his consent to attend dinners and make speeches was often given with reluctance and only because he found it hard to withhold a service. Those who envy his success will be interested to note his ante-prandial misgivings, his care in preparing himself, and his regret when, as he puts it, "I had to travel largely on my muscle." It may be not all in jest that he remarks that during a long life time he has "cultivated the habit of speaking without saying anything." He was not given to being too profound for those who had dined heavily. Yet it would be wrong to think of him as solely or chiefly a fun-maker. By and large his speeches were directed toward smoothing the way for enterprises which he had at heart.

When Mr. Choate was in England as ambassador, both President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay desired him to act as counsel for the United States in the Alaska Boundary Dispute. With his fine instinct for the amenities, the ambassador felt acutely the impropriety of being guest, negotiator, and hostile advocate at one and the same time. Though the President and the Secretary deferred to his reluctance, Mr. Hay wrote that neither of them sympathized with it. Perhaps the Secretary was merely loyal to his chief. Perhaps the point, which seems so obvious, is more readily appreciated by a lawyer than by a layman, particularly when the layman is a client. Mr. Choate could love Mr. Roosevelt without emulating the less lovely strains in his make-up. In 1896 he wrote: "Tonight I am to dine again at the Wolcott's to meet those jingling jingoes, Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt, both of whom I think would like very much *the fun* of a war with England." In his attitude toward war with Germany, Mr. Choate was with the President rather than with his vehement critic. After the sinking of the Lusitania he writes that "the Germans, so far as we can guess, seem to be taking the President's last note in a kindly way, and I have no fear of any war between us and them." As events moved, he moved with them, and became eager for our participation in the conflict. But even then he did not antedate his hindsight. In a letter to Lord Grey in April, 1917, he says that we must give President Wilson "credit for one signal result of his watchful waiting, and that is, that he was waiting to see when the whole nation would be wrought up to the point which has now been reached, so that he could safely announce to the world our alliance with France and Great Britain without any practical dissent." The un-Rooseveltian temper in which he took the war is evident from his address to the Allied Mission three days before his death. "I feared at one time," he says, "that we might enter it for some selfish purpose, for the punishment of aggression against our individual, national, personal rights,

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for the destruction of American ships or for a few American lives, ample ground for war; but we waited, and it turns out now that we waited wisely, because we were able at last to enter into this great contest, this great contest of the whole world, for noble and lofty purposes such as never attracted nations before."

All in all Mr. Choate stands as the perfect exponent of a genteel tradition. The greater part of his life was lived in those quieter days when the fortunate took for granted the necessity and the permanence of what contributes to make them so. One will not go to Mr. Choate for searching insight into what we now regard as the deeper issues of social and economic life. Mr. Martin tells us that he thought the Income Tax Case of 1895 "was of great importance to civilization—a case that would build a proper rampart around the rights of property, which he seemed always to feel were the real underpinning of civilization." That this feeling was more than an advocate's devotion to the cause of his client is evident from an address made by Mr. Choate after his cause was won. The tribute here paid to Mr. Southmayd and the acknowledgment of indebtedness to his brief in winning the income tax case is but one of the many illustrations of the generous spirit which made Mr. Choate lovable. Later events have brought forward the income tax as the ally of civilization rather than its enemy. There is more to be said for Mr. Choate's argument on constitutional law than for his views of public policy. Yet it would be a pity to judge such a life by standards that are quite alien to it. So few lives are perfect even of their kind that we must be grateful for one that approaches such perfection so closely. Mr. Choate was first and foremost a lawyer. Until his sixty-seventh year he gave to the promotion and protection of his clients' interests an amount of time and energy that would appall the ordinary practitioner. His hours of relaxation were not hours of ease. They were the hours of the many activities that will make Mr. Choate fondly remembered long after the lawyer and the advocate have been forgotten.

THOMAS REED POWELL

Delphi

Delphi. By Frederick Poulsen. Translated by G. C. Richards, with a preface by Percy Gardiner. London: Gyldendal.

DELPHI, the famous seat of the oracle of Apollo, has captured the popular imagination as few other spots on this earth. Surrounded by precipitous mountains, with a beautiful view over the plain of Itea and the sea in the distance, the site is one of the fairest and certainly the most dramatic in Greek lands. Moreover, it played a unique part in Greek history. In a country made up of small city states, each with a strongly developed local patriotism, it was practically the only international center. For it was not a political but a religious city. Emissaries from all parts of Greece and from foreign lands came to Delphi to consult the Greek oracle and to learn wisdom from Apollo and his Pythian priestess. And in thankfulness for help rendered they dedicated statues and other offerings, housed in little buildings called treasuries; so that Delphi soon became a great gallery of international art.

The good fortune to excavate so promising a site fell to the French. Excavations were begun by the French School at Athens in 1892, and carried on for a number of years with great energy and ability under the direction of M. Homolle. It was an arduous task. The site was occupied by the modern village of Castri, and the peasant proprietors had first to be expropriated and transferred to another place. Since Delphi was built on the slope of a hill, parts of monuments belonging to buildings of an upper level had continually rolled down to a lower, and much care in the interpretation of finds had to be exercised. Fortunately the detailed account of the precinct by Pausanias who visited the site in the second century helped greatly in the identification of the various buildings.

It is true that the results of the excavations were not commensurate with the highest hopes entertained. For those who thought that we might quietly rediscover the innumerable works which were dedicated during the centuries of Delphi's greatness, the actual finds were disillusioning. There was no trace of the famous work by Pheidias in honor of the victory of Marathon, which we know to have been erected there. Not a fragment of the gilded statue of Phryne by Praxiteles has survived. But a knowledge of the history of Delphi was sufficient to prepare the explorers for the wreckage which came to light. When we hear that Nero alone carried away from Delphi 500 bronze statues, and when we remember that such plundering went on throughout Roman and Byzantine times, nature and the course of centuries duly aiding in the work of destruction, we understand why more was not left. In our work of resurrecting Greek art we have learned to be thankful for what has survived rather than continually regret what has disappeared. And we certainly have enough to make us rejoice in what the spade has brought to light in Delphi. Any single excavation which can produce such works as the bronze charioteer, the Agias, the Naxian Sphinx, and the dancing women from the akanthos column, has made a worthy contribution to mankind. And Delphi has done even more than restore to us a number of masterpieces. It has given us a wealth of architectural and sculptural remains, ranging from early Greek times to the period of Roman occupation, so that our stock of knowledge has been greatly increased in all directions.

That Dr. Poulsen, the well-known director of the Ny Carlsberg Glyptothek in Copenhagen, has undertaken the task of making these results generally known in a book with copious illustrations and a very readable and suggestive text, is a matter for hearty congratulation. Hitherto we have had to go for information about Delphi to the expensive and therefore rather inaccessible "Fouilles de Delphes," the official French publication of the excavations; or to M. Bourguet's "Ruines de Delphes," a topographical guide, also in French. In Dr. Poulsen's volume we have for the first time a book which will make this important chapter of Greek art generally and adequately known among the English-speaking public.

Dr. Poulsen has approached his task with great discrimination. Instead of following (as Bourguet did) the perhaps obvious path of describing the monuments in the order in which Pausanias saw them, he has chosen the much more interesting method of describing the monuments chronologically, and so presenting a coherent account of what would otherwise almost certainly have been a rather confused and unconnected story. And since the sculptural remains in Delphi are by far the most important, Dr. Poulsen has made them his chief theme, with excursions into other fields where necessary. Consequently, he has written what amounts to a history of Greek sculpture, illustrated not by the "rubber stamp" material found in other histories, but by the comparatively unfamiliar monuments from Delphi—thus infusing new interest and life into a familiar story, and linking up the new material with the known stock. The text gives not only accurate descriptions of what was found at Delphi, but discusses the many problems involved from a large fund of historical, literary, and archaeological knowledge, and with genuine artistic appreciation. To non-archaeologists the book not only presents a delightful account of Delphi and its remains but gives them a realization of the manifold avenues by which archaeological problems have to be approached, and a realization of how wide a range of knowledge—and imagination tempered by knowledge—is necessary for their solution. Archaeologists will find in the book the chief Delphian monuments assembled in excellent illustrations, and also a temperate scholar's conclusions on many still debatable points. For while a survey is given of the different theories of the prominent archaeologists who have made it their task to unravel the many mysteries presented—such as Pomtow, Courby, Homolle, and Dinsmoor—Dr. Poulsen generally presents also his own ideas, especially in the sculptural field.

GISELA M. A. RICHTER

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The French Revolution in Germany

Germany and the French Revolution. By G. P. Gooch. Longmans, Green and Company.

THE title of Mr. Gooch's book is not indicative of the contents. One might expect an analysis of the political changes brought about in the German states as a result of the French Revolutionary wars or the Napoleonic invasion; or the story of the diplomatic sequel to the treaties of Lunéville, Basle, or Tilsit; or of the effect of the Continental Policy on Germany's economic life; or of the far-reaching consequences of the dispossession of German princes on the left bank of the Rhine; or, in fact, of any one of a number of political, constitutional, industrial, and social changes wrought in the limits of the old Holy Roman Empire by the world-shaking upheaval across the Rhine. But Mr. Gooch has no intention of telling over again the facts that have been so amply treated in the pages of Von Sybel, Sorel, and Häusser. His purpose is "to show the repercussion of the French Revolution on the *mind* of Germany." It is a study in national psychology, illustrated by a detailed analysis of the writings of leading German philosophers, poets, dramatists, and publicists which deal with the theories and behavior of the actors of the great Parisian drama, or are directly influenced thereby. The book would have been more fitly entitled "The Influence of the French Revolution on German Thought."

It is a novel and useful service that Mr. Gooch has undertaken for an English reading public, and he has performed the service with diligence and fidelity. Whether we can add, with discrimination also, is doubtful. Readers of Mr. Gooch's "History and Historians of the Nineteenth Century" know that he is "an austere man" with the pen, reaping wherever a seed has been sown. He has not the supreme gift of preterition. The closely printed pages succeed each other with an inexorable accumulation of names, titles, quotations, until long before one is half-way through the half-a-thousand pages one feels that one is reading a catalogue. It is safe to say that nine-tenths of our historico-literary students are intensely interested in the views of a Goethe, a Schiller, a Kant, a Fichte on the significance of the French Revolution, and moderately curious about the views of a Wieland, a Forster, or a Kotzebue, and not at all concerned with the views of a score of minor writers in the various duchies of the Empire whose names they are scarcely familiar with. Yet Mr. Gooch will not spare us. We must make the grand tour of the Empire with him, through Saxony, Brunswick, and Hanover, through Weimar, Gotha, and Baden. We must hear the testimony of Dietrich, Cramer, von Trenk, Kerner, Oelsner, and a dozen other men of comparative obscurity whose writings are but the echoes of the stronger voices. If Mr. Gooch had only left out half of his twenty-two chapters his readers would not lay down the book with a sense of relief and release. The truly valuable material would be greatly enhanced by not having to be salvaged from a pitiless mass of information.

The general trend of German thought in the Revolutionary era, as shown again and again in the treatises analyzed by Mr. Gooch, was a hearty welcome to the liberal reforming principles of the men of 1789, turning to coldness when faction frustrated the work of the Legislative Assembly and the Convention, and ending in disgust when the frenzy of Jacobinism swept away the throne, the altar, the constitution, and the customs of a great civilized nation. Of course there were a few Germans like Gentz who were hostile to the Revolution from the beginning, a few like Goethe who were indifferent to it, except as a spectacle, all the way through, and a very few like Adam Lux and Schneider whose zeal for the new ideas could not be chilled by the regicides or the terrorists; but the great majority of thinkers, from the Hanoverian Whigs (Schlözer, Rehberg, Brandes) who were imbued with the doctrines of British parliamentarism and Burke's reverence for tradition, to "insurgents" like Fichte and Schiller, went through the process of a more or less rapid disillusionment. From cherishing the hope that the enlightenment preached by Montesquieu and Voltaire and realized by Mounier and Mirabeau would shed its beams also in the dark places of the Holy Roman Empire, these men came to emphasize the assurance that Germany would never fall a prey to the murderous dogmatism of Robespierre and Couthon.

Mr. Gooch seeks to correct some current judgments on the attitude of influential Germans toward the Revolution. He thinks, for example, that Goethe was not as indifferent to the events of the Revolution as he was to the Napoleonic domination. It is true that Goethe predicted the Revolution in 1785 and that he accompanied the army of Duke Karl August to Champagne. It is true that he talked and wrote much about the new ideas in France and that he announced that Valmy opened "a new epoch of world history." But for all that, Goethe remained an onlooker only. He had no interest in democracy, which seemed to him but "the enthronement of mediocrity," and he complacently wrote from Weimar that aesthetics kept him "going" while "almost everyone else" was "suffering from the political disease." He was left equally unconcerned by "the death of democratic or aristocratic sinners" in France. The author is more successful in rescuing Anacharsis Clootz from the unenviable position of the buffoon of the Revolution which he is made to fill in Carlyle's impressionistic pages.

The chapter on Kant is stimulating and convincing. The author shows clearly how far the aged philosopher of Königsberg bore the disappointment of deceived hopes in the French Revolution in a manner unlike that of his younger contemporaries Schiller and Fichte. For Schiller 1793 meant refuge in the "Weimar gospel" of aesthetic self-realization; for Fichte the disaster of Jena meant the passionate advocacy of German nationalists; but Kant, fortified in his citadel of idealism, kept faith in man when men disappointed him. He never ceased to believe that, in spite of all its excesses and mistakes, the French Revolution meant a step forward toward the goal of reason and humanitarianism. Only we question Mr. Gooch's statement that Kant's treatise on "Perpetual Peace," based so largely on the belief that increased commerce in goods and ideas among the nations must inevitably bring in the age of brotherhood, sounded the "highest notes ever struck by a German publicist."

The last four or five chapters of his book Mr. Gooch devotes to a rapid survey of some of the actual political changes wrought in the moribund Holy Roman Empire by the Revolution and the work of Napoleon. One cannot help feeling that by omitting this material, which is only a résumé of other treatments already familiar to historical students, the author might have reduced the bulk of a book already too large without sacrificing anything of the value of his contribution.

DAVID S. MUZZEY

The Uses of Perversity

The Uses of Diversity. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead and Company.

AS Dickens personifies the spirit of Christmas, Stevenson that of a child's birthday, Kipling of Guy Fawkes's Day, and D. H. Lawrence of May Day, so Gilbert Keith Chesterton would seem to be the fitting patron saint of April the First. He is the royal jester in the new court of King Demos; if he is a "poisson d'avril," he is a very whale of mirth. He dislikes seriousness because he thinks it irreligious, and, having come to the conclusion that it takes more brains to make a joke than to excogitate a philosophy, he has devoted the brain of a second Newton to working out the law, not of gravity, but of fun. Those who, like Max Eastman, fiercely protest against the result as "a puerile piddle of inanities," are irked by the more abstruse and recondite laws in this new Calculus of Risibilities. Most of us can follow the four fundamental processes of humor, but when it comes to extracting the square root of a joke, to a

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geometrical progression of puns, to sines and tangents of epigrams, to negative, irrational, transfinite, and imaginary jests, we begin to feel that after all wit may be no laughing matter.

But just as the modern theory of groups has brought order into the tangles of higher mathematics, so a classification of Mr. Chesterton's quips renders them more easy for the average mind to master. They rush through his brain with the bewildering frequency and velocity of radio-active particles passed through a vacuum, but long observation will make them obey the law of atomic weights as readily as do natural gases. Disregarding small and negligible quantities of jokes, the great bulk of his humor falls into three divisions, polarized by his three great antipathies, to Germany, to Protestantism, and to what he calls "Modern Thought." And this trinity is one substance under a triple form.

When Mr. Chesterton writes on the subject of history, he avows that he thinks the only useful parts of it are the good anecdotes and nursery tales told to children. He would not be so dogmatic, he says, as to exclude from history a story merely because it was true in the ordinary sense of the word, but he would regard the literal truth as entirely secondary. Now we know how he got his idea of Prussia and of German history. He proves that England has always loved France because her coast towns are called "The Cinq Ports." He proves that England has always hated Germany because Chaucer sent his perfect knight to crusade against the heathen Prussians. As the Prussians of that day were not Germans Mr. Chesterton might have as well said that England and Italy had a war when Caesar invaded Britain. Such a distortion of history is absurd and mischievous. If Mr. Chesterton took the trouble to read English literature of just a hundred years ago he would find in Wordsworth and De Quincey and Coleridge and Scott the same uncritical admiration for the Germans that he feels for the French and the same ugly hatred of the French that he feels for the Germans.

Much the same witty but overworked joke against Protestantism as the corrupter of the modern world adorns his pages in season and out of season. An essay on the Mormons is made the occasion for giving a good hard slap to Oliver Cromwell, though the average mind does not see the connection between the Latter Day Elders and Brigham Youngsters on the one side and the Protector and the Puritan Commonwealth on the other. Jane Austen is criticized for being a typical Protestant, and that she was so is proved by the fact that the title of one of her tales, Northanger Abbey, recalls "the crucial crime of the sixteenth century," Henry VIII's confiscation of the monasteries. Moreover, Jane Austen had "to do with the human heart, and it is that which cometh out of the heart that defileth a nation, philanthropy, efficiency, organization, social reform." Surely as a bit of literary criticism this overtrumps Mark Twain's saying that he considered any library good which did not include Jane Austen and that he wanted to hit the old girl's skull with one of her own shinbones.

And what does not Modern Thought (as Chesterton personifies various things he does not like) suffer at the hands of this scoffer? It goes through something like the "Bump the Bumps" slide at Coney Island, in which one is jolted and jerked this way and that, one's hat blown off, one's clothes disheveled and one's brain made giddy, all for the trifling sum of ten cents. All the woes of the world, from Tennyson's poetry to prohibition and woman's suffrage, are attributed to this specter. Tennyson failed as a poet, it is said, because he believed in evolution, a theory as fabulous "as the centaur, the mermaid, and all other images under which man has imagined a bridge between himself and brutality." In Mr. Chesterton's category of criticism the maintainers of the simple, correct view often talk rather elaborately, like Meredith and Browning, but the believers in difficult pessimism talk in words of one syllable—mostly "damns"—like Swinburne and Hardy. Japan failed to become great because she refused to imitate Dante and medieval architecture and imitated instead only the commercialism of Birmingham and the militarism of Berlin, and so she is still "the same strange, heathen, sinister, and heroic thing" that she always has been. And so it goes through "that depth of mindlessness which calls itself the modern mind."

PRESERVED SMITH

Village Verse

A Few Figs from Thistles. Poems and Four Sonnets by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Salvo. Frank Shay.

Iron Men and Wooden Ships. Sailor Chanties collected by F. S. Salvo Two. Frank Shay.

This Morning. Poems by Hildegarde Flanner. Salvo Three. Frank Shay.

WASHINGTON SQUARE and the motley streets near by, with their mushroom cellars sprouting unusual literature, art, and food, have had in the long run, and will have in yet a longer one, small effect on poetry. Greenwich Village is a number of agreeable things, but it is not original—at least it has not been importantly so in poetry. More types of verse have ended there than begun. It is a refuge and a refuse place for the hunted and the tired; it is a limbo of tag ends. Its inhabitants make much of the fact that literature is a creation of conversation in groups, while they forget that there is a difference between conversation and gossip, between groups and litters. Too many persons, meeting too casually, admire one another too much and think too little, with the result that what might be composite masterpieces become only collections of foreign rubbish scraped together. How many of the first poets in England and America today are clubby? Hardy, Masefield, Davies, Bottomley, Robinson, and Frost are not. These might love Greenwich Village, as all do in a way, but they would not be of it.

Series after series of published village verse, born to be "different," has died an indifferent death. There is something more hopeful, perhaps, about Mr. Frank Shay's new series known as Salvos. It would be hazardous to predict long life for such an enterprise as a whole; but it is possible to say of the items already put forth that they are breaths of very fresh air, or, to adopt their editor's metaphor, good round shots and palpable clean hits. It was an excellent idea, for instance, for Mr. Shay in his second Salvo (since this is the village, a reviewer can begin anywhere and end nowhere) to print folk-poetry, to be unconventional by importing a convention, to depart from the artificial community of Washington Square into the real community of seamen. The chanties he has collected are all too few and fragmentary, but they are honestly, comically blunt, and the whiff of salt they bring is something that village expression rarely can be called, strong.

Strong is exactly what Hildegarde's Flanner's truly pretty poems are not. They come, as it happens, from California, but their faint free verse, conceived in the purest village manner, resigns itself rather wearily to the business of beauty and truth. Spoken in a sort of mild trance, with listless gestures, most of these pieces break prematurely off in delicate sighs, showing shortness of breath if not of inspiration. Their innocence and their wistfulness are managed quietly but with a deliberate art that would impress roomfuls of poetasters; their metaphors, usually good to begin with, are overdone. The only exception to all this, a poem called Discovery, is indeed a remarkable exception. A monologue spoken by a girl who looks for her soul in a mirror and finds her body, it gains by being dramatic, and it does not lose by being a little smart.

It has been the rule of Edna St. Vincent Millay to be dramatic, and it seems to be her necessity to be bright. Every page of "Figs from Thistles" has a gleam or a shout or a slap. In the matter of love, and particularly in the matter of inconstancy, Miss Millay can claim direct descent from Sir John Suckling, but she is an exceedingly competent poet on her own account. Three pieces here in ballad-quatrains, She

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is Overheard Singing, Portrait by a Neighbor, and The Philosopher, ring with the joy of genuine creation, and shine with details that are permanently good for poetry:

Before she has her floor swept,
  Or her dishes done,
Any day you'll find her
  A-sunning in the sun.

It's long after midnight
  Her key's in the lock,
And you never see her chimney smoke
  Till past ten o'clock.

She digs in her garden
  With a shovel and a spoon,
She weeds her lazy lettuce
  By the light of the moon.

She walks up the walk
  Like a woman in a dream,
She forgets she borrowed butter
  And pays you back cream.

Her lawn looks like a meadow,
  And if she mows the place,
She leaves the clover standing
  And the Queen Anne's lace.

Miss Millay justifies Salvo; perhaps Salvo will justify village verse.

MARK VAN DOREN

Growth of the Soil

Growth of the Soil. Translated from the Norwegian of Knut Hamsun by W. W. Worster. Alfred A. Knopf. 2 vols.

MR. H. G. WELLS'S simple-hearted remark concerning Knut Hamsun, "Indeed, I did not know of his existence until now," illustrates once more the almost complete isolation of English and American literary culture from that of Central and Northern Europe. Ordinary people are not likely to know more than Mr. Wells, and thus we shall probably witness, in the course of the years, other sudden discoveries of writers whose names have been for a quarter of a century household words among a great portion of civilized mankind. Some day, after whispers and rumors, there will emerge into our literary consciousness a Dane named Hermann Bang, a Swede named Gustaf af Geijerstam, and two authentic masters, born respectively in Lübeck and Braunschweig, called Thomas Mann and Ricarda Huch.

One result of this whole situation is complete ignorance of a given writer's development and therefore of his true character. It is quaint and amusing to see "Growth of the Soil" characterized as possessing "the timeless appeal of Homer's Iliad" and as leaving a sensitive Chicago reviewer "dumb at the sheer power of its stark beauty." For the inference is, obviously, that we have here a great, naive artist, sane, bronzed, virile, who turns aside from the neuroticism of a decrepit age and brings us a wind that blows from some morning of the world. Alas, Knut Hamsun is the author of "Hunger," of "Mysteries," of "Pan," of "Editor Lynge," of "Slaves of Love," of "Victoria"; he is the cruelest and most self-tormenting of the psychological impressionists, abnormal, bitter, bitterly ironic and nervously erotic, fleeing from the banality of life in his native country to the ends of the earth and enduring starvation and loneliness rather than face "fishy boots, vermin, stale cheese, Luther's catechism, and the Philistines in their three-story huts. They eat and drink at need, have a good time over their toddy and electioneering twaddle, and trade in green soap, brass combs, and fish. But at night when it thunders they lie on their backs and read the hymn book in sheer terror." The tormented naturalist, who is a romantic at heart, fled in his youth to America; later he fled to the Caucasus and the Orient, pouring out his scorn over the drab and busy civilization of the North; today he flees to an Arcadia of his own imagining and writes "Growth of the Soil."

He found his ideal human qualities in the Caucasus. ("Im Märchenland," 1904.) "As one goes farther into the Orient, one finds men talking less. The ancient races have passed beyond the stage of chatter and laughter; they are silent and they smile. . . . We read novels and newspapers. The old peoples do not read." In these romantic contrasts and escapes we find the origin of the Biblical and primitive and massively idyllic character of "Growth of the Soil." It is a transference of the broad simplicity of a patriarchal age and society to the wild and waste places of the North. Hamsun heals his own restless, modern, neurotic imagination with the elemental strength and silence of Isak, the large fertility and sturdiness of Inger; he steeps it in a contemplation of primitive toil and in the idealized processes of the beginnings of civilization. For in the tirelessness and profound inner serenity of Isak there is an idealization that refreshed Hamsun's weary and sophisticated soul. Pioneer farming in a harsh climate has, in fact, little in common with the broad calm of a patriarchal age in the Orient. Here the two almost attain a sort of spiritual identity. Yet the Northern and romantic note steals back into the book in the shape of two infanticides and of Inger's later love life, and the enormously acute psychological naturalist of the earlier works reappears in the brilliantly subtle and exact delineations of the characters of Oline and Geissler, Brede and Barbro.

It is not the purpose of this analysis to belittle "Growth of the Soil," but to disengage its true character. It represents the culmination of the long career of a writer who, like so many Continental artists of his generation, described the realities that hurt their sensitive souls and nerves with all the acuteness of the pain they suffered. Born in a militantly scientific period, they curbed their dreams and longings and analyzed the impact of an intolerable world upon themselves. But always, as the years went on and as the pressure of a positivistic view of things lifted, they built themselves a symbolic or neo-romantic refuge for their hearts. Strindberg did that, and Hauptmann, and now Hamsun has followed their example. He has stripped his prose of pointedness and sophistication and used a broad and naive folk-speech; he feigns to tell his story with a simplicity of structure that recalls the Sagas and the Old Testament narratives. He builds a large idyl; he dreams a golden age; he admits finally the symbolical character of his protagonist. "A ghost risen out of the past to point the future, a man from the earliest days of cultivation, a settler in the wilds, nine-hundred years old, and withal a man of the day." "Growth of the Soil" is a book full of nobility and beauty. It has skill and insight and a large clarity of final effect. But it is not primitive, it is not Homeric, and it may be questioned whether its most permanent aspect is not its close, modern power of characterization rather than its deliberate and not quite ingenuous poetizing of the simple life.

Books in Brief

THE "Catalogue of The Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University" (Harvard University Press) is not only a fine tribute to those generous lovers of art who have made the museum what it is, but it is, besides, a valuable contribution to art criticism and a stimulant to the study of the early masters. The pictures in the museum are described as well as reproduced, and a detailed account of their past history is given with careful discussion of their attributions. The Introduction contains a history of the bequests and acquisitions of the museum and explanatory notes upon technical processes in early Italian paintings. The colors used in the pictures are so described that students in foreign lands may lack no necessary accurate information. The general bibliographies are adequate, and bibliographies of individual pictures are made as complete as possible. The catalogue is arranged by schools and chrono-

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logically under the schools. In order that the book may serve as a manual for students of the fine arts at Harvard and Radcliffe, a brief history of the various schools of art has been prepared by the staff of the museum. These histories are all well done as brief surveys, especially those written by Miss Margaret Gilman, secretary of The Fogg Art Museum. An interesting feature of the catalogue is the lists of paintings in this country attributed to the artists discussed in connection with the museum treasures. The catalogue in one respect is a fascinating surprise, for scattered lavishly throughout the discussions of the individual pictures are bits of recondite information upon medieval and Renaissance forms of representation. There is a discussion of the traditional representation of St. Jerome, of the devil, of the Adoration of the Magi, of the Annunciation, and of representations of God the Father before and after the twelfth century. Some interesting and curious material is introduced here and there explaining the symbolism of colors and flowers. We learn the significance of St. Jerome's lion, the skull and pelican in the Crucifixion, the pomegranate, the gourd, the sprig of cherries, the apple in the hand of the infant Christ. No theme in art is more curious than that which dealt with psychostasis or the weighing of the soul. The catalogue has an interesting account of this. The book fairly teems with such out-of-the-way matters as the enlisting of the Florentine painters in the Guild of Doctors and Apothecaries in the latter part of the thirteenth century, and the question of why the painters of Siena disliked the use of the traditional lily in their pictures of the Annunciation. It is rather unfortunate that the title "Catalogue of the Fogg Art Museum" cannot hold forth to the general reader a suggestion of the book's alluring contents—the beautiful reproductions and the learned and discriminating comment upon individual paintings.

THE Jew has always been one of the most instructive object lessons of history, and never more so than at present. It is interesting, therefore, to observe the effect upon him of the modern insistence upon nationalism. He has become a "divided self." Romantic sentiment, pseudo-historical obsessions, reason, and enlightenment are all struggling in him for supremacy. The nationalism of Europe takes the form of Zionism in the case of the Jew. By far the larger part of what has been written upon this subject in the past five years has looked upon Zionism as a manifestation of robust health in Jewry. Professor Morris Jastrow in "Zionism and the Future of Palestine" (Macmillan) diagnoses the phenomenon as a disease, and a very serious one. Zionism has three forms: religious, or the Zionism of the orthodox Jews; economic, or the Zionism of the Jewish agricultural colonies in Palestine; and political, or the Zionism which seeks to establish a Jewish state in the ancient homeland. For the first of these Mr. Jastrow has respect, with the second the deepest sympathy, for the third nothing but reprobation. His reprobation is based on historical reasoning. He argues that political Zionism is both religiously and politically an anachronism, that it will add to the antagonisms already existing in Palestine, and will complicate in a most unfortunate way the problem of Jewish political emancipation outside of that country. The Zionist seeks to ally religion once more with nationalism, whereas the essence of the Jewish religion as preached by the prophets is individualistic. The Zionist would turn back the stream of history, and reestablish a nation in Palestine, not unjustly called by Professor Jastrow "a glorified ghetto," whereas the tendency of Judaism is to diffuse itself as a religion over the earth's surface in a way most helpful to general culture. It is further pointed out how such a state in Palestine is calculated to awaken the suspicions of its present inhabitants. The present reviewer has received, for example, recent information direct from Jerusalem to the effect that elements of the Mohammedan population are already beginning to wish for a return of Turkish rule because they fear lest the Jews under the British mandatory might oust them from the country. Finally, the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine would tend to emphasize the nationality of the Jews outside of Palestine. This emphasis has been one of the main causes of anti-Semitism and of the continued political disabilities of the Jews.

EXCEPT for references to Max Nordau, Thorstein Veblen, and Sigmund Freud, there is little or nothing in William Bayard Hale's "Story of a Style" (Huebsch) that would bewilder Martin Marprelate were he alive today. No sixteenth-century goad of Anglican clergy, no seventeenth-century berserker-pamphleteer, no Hall, no Milton, no Claudius Salmasius, would feel anything but at home in a book which tears the various texts of Woodrow Wilson line from line and withers each with scornful critical fire. Those old warriors would have only one qualifying suggestion to make, perhaps—that Mr. Wilson, being in a sense already extinguished, needed to be no further so. Mr. Hale's reply would be and is that he finished his terrible book before its victim fell ill. The fact is that he has published it, and the impression will remain, whether he likes it or not, that the glee which he felt in his critic's task was somewhat ghoulish. With unmistakable relish he has gone to work to prove in detail what a few knew always and what most have known recently—that Mr. Wilson's utterances have been hollow. He improves his close personal acquaintance with the man to become psychoanalytical, proceeding from a premise that Mr. Wilson is intellectually inferior, and knows it, to numerous evidences that his sole effort first and last has been to cover this inferiority with language sounding great not only to others but to himself. Being fearful of matching his mind with any other than the undergraduate's, he early resorted to the hope, and eventually arrived at the conviction, that he had been born imperially aloof, like Geo. Washington (whose name, thus signed, Mr. Wilson has frequently pointed out, contains, like his own, thirteen letters). Being subject from the start to mental incapacity, indolence, or fatigue (Mr. Hale favors fatigue), he developed a system of address which by intensification, super-asseveration, alliteration, personification, and miscellaneous mystification hypnotized "his people" and stimulated himself. All this is intensely interesting, whether or not it is strictly true, and there will be denials that it is true. One thing is certain. If Mr. Hale has not written the last word on Woodrow Wilson, he has written a valuable book on style.

"EARLY Persian Poetry, from the Beginning down to the Time of Firdausi" (Macmillan), by A. V. Williams Jackson, is an enthusiastic essay which, if taken with the more extended English work by Edward G. Browne treating Persian literature as a whole during the same period, furnishes an adequate and agreeable introduction to a field of poetry that seems to possess permanent fascination for Western readers. Sadi and Hafiz and Omar, of course, the favorites of Emerson and Fitzgerald, do not come in here, but the story includes at least one great preacher, Zoroaster, and one great epic poet, Firdausi. Mr. Jackson, not always sufficiently restrained in his recommendations to be exactly effective among the unconverted, is both at his most affectionate and at his most credible in the account of Firdausi, whose episode of Suhrab and Rustam he ably translates, and the traditions about whose career he composes into a brilliant picture.

THE second and last volume of Mr. Robert Withington's sumptuously printed "English Pageantry" (Harvard University Press), takes up the history of the pageant at the beginning of the seventeenth century and continues it to the present time. It is a somewhat bifurcated volume, two-thirds being taken up with an antiquarian study of the Lord Mayor's Show and the rest with a discussion of modern, or, as the author calls it, Parkerian pageant, which he treats in a somewhat soft, Drama-Leaguish fashion. We prefer the earlier part. Mr. Withington is of course not the first to study the subject, but he has gone over the field again and presents a wealth of

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details from contemporary printed and manuscript sources and has added a comprehensive bibliography. The Lord Mayor's Show was formed upon that dignitary's annual procession, instituted with the office in 1209, to take his oath at Westminster. Apparently, it first began to take on pageant features in the sixteenth century and was at its height between 1585 and 1708, during which time the text was written by such men as Peele, Middleton, Dekker, Heywood, Tatham, and Settle. Early in the eighteenth century dialogue disappeared, and the show went steadily downhill until it was revived somewhat in the mid-nineteenth century. Today it survives to the delight, chiefly, of children, Americans, and country cousins. Mr. Withington finds the chief distinction between ancient and modern pageantry to lie in the fact that the former stressed allegory and entertainment, whereas the latter stresses history and instruction. Perhaps a deeper distinction lies in the fact that pageantry came into being spontaneously as the expression of an exuberant and childish imagination, while its modern form is a conscious revival.

Drama

Bricks and Mortar

IT was last season that Mr. John D. Williams, desiring to produce Eugene G. O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon" and finding no available theater, hit upon the notion of using a playhouse during the four afternoons left free by the customary eight performances of the week. During the present season this method has been used by one group of artists after another, and no one who has not busily visited these so-called "special matinees" has had any correct sense of the quality or variety of the year's theatrical activities. O'Neill's "Diff'rent" and "The Emperor Jones" first saw the light in this manner; "The Tyranny of Love," the most distinguished Continental play, and Emery Pottle's "The Hero," surely the second-best American play of the winter, had both to be content with this imperfect manner of public appearance. For it is no cause for surprise that the greater number of these afternoon productions has failed. In a busy and nervous world it needs both the peace and the exhilaration of night to bring on the free and intense mood which the art of the theater demands.

It is clear, then, that the question of the mere physical existence of an American theater grows more urgent year by year. To the coming of that theater all signs point. Only it is coming homeless and as a beggar. Hegel justly observed that in order to have vital dramatic activity, "the free self-consciousness of human aims, of human difficulties, and of human fate must have been as thoroughly awakened and have become cultivated in such a degree as is possible only during the middle or later periods of a nation's development." Our literature bears witness to the fact that we are beginning to win that consciousness and that cultivation. An American art theater is struggling to be born. Cooperative groups of craftsmen and actors and playwrights are ready at any moment to bring the theater a little nearer to the level of our native fiction or our native poetry. But writers have publishers. The artists of the theater have neither land nor bricks nor mortar for a playhouse. They are helpless.

We have emphasized the fact before and shall not hesitate to do so again, that such groups or individuals are, as a rule, quite aware of the normal economic necessities of their situation and quite ready to reckon with them. But a regard for normal economic necessities counts for little when brought into competition with the spirit of the "promoters of theatrical enterprises." Thus it is no secret that one of the best and most artistic productions of the season is being withdrawn not because it is not self-supporting, not because the producer has failed to meet any obligations, but because the advance sales do not seem to guarantee the owners or lessees of the house huge enough profits extending far enough into the summer. If any expert of the theater desired to produce a play in New York today he might, after much persuasion and much treading of stranger's stairs, be able to secure a theater on what is known as the sixty-forty per cent basis. This means that the owner of the building is entitled to forty per cent of the gross box-office receipts. Unjust as such an arrangement is, it is not intolerable in itself. It becomes so because the owner demands that the forty per cent do not fall below a stipulated average sum and fixes this sum according to a scale of profits derived from the receipts of the frothiest musical comedies and the rawest melodramas. Thus it comes about that Shakespeare and Sheridan, Shaw and Schnitzler, Ibsen and Porto-Riche, and the new talents that are to create our dramatic literature are forced into open competition with Messrs. Otto Harbach and Sigmond Rorberg, Owen Davis and Willard Mack.

Whenever, as in the case of the Neighborhood Playhouse or of the Theater Guild, the evil necessity of such competition has been eliminated, it has been because the directors have either owned the playhouse or have been able to secure its lease on terms that are not crushing. And both of these admirable organizations, especially the latter, have been able to work on a perfectly sound and normal business basis in regard to both salaries and profits. The American art theater or repertory theater can now, in brief, hold its own on reasonable terms. But usually it is in the situation of, let us say, a Joseph Hergesheimer or a Theodore Dreiser, whose manuscripts are rejected by every publisher, not because they could not be published at a profit but because the profit of the venture would fall below the standard of earnings set by the books of Zane Grey, E. Phillips Oppenheim, and Harold Bell Wright.

The remedy for this situation does not lie, as we have also said before and hope to say again, in subsidies, endowments, or charity. In communities outside of New York there is no reason why private munificence should not build a theater as readily as it builds a museum of art or endows a symphony orchestra. In New York it is only necessary that a few theaters be built by men who are content with such profits as are expected from any other normally sound investment and that these theaters be turned over exclusively to artistic and conscientious directors. The best dramatic literature, both native and foreign, would then get a hearing; the competition offered by these houses would reduce the immoderately swollen profits of the purely commercial managers and minimize, even in their case, the temptation of always preferring a bad play to a good one. Thus the present hot-house production of false and shoddy theatrical goods would cease to command a premium and the average playwright would no longer strive to write—this is no jest, but a hard fact—as badly as his temperament and intelligence will let him. What a vista of usefulness is thus opened to kindly but sensible millionaires!

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

President Obregon's Message

THE address of President Obregon at the opening of the extraordinary session of the Mexican Congress on February 7, was published in the *Heraldo de Mexico* on the following day.

In compliance with a constitutional duty, I have the honor to address the members of the honorable Congress of the Union, to inform them of the purpose of the Federal Executive in calling into extraordinary session the representatives of the nation, in exercise of the right granted by Article 88, Part XI, of the Mexican Constitution. . . .

It would be discreditable for a Government conscious of its duties and its powers not to take advantage of this opportunity, unique in the history of Mexico from 1910 to the present, for responding to the demands of public opinion and to the desire of all honorable men, and for carrying into effect reforms in accordance with its constitutional powers, the most urgent of which is to raise the level of culture of the people to a much higher point. . . .

The Problem of the Banks

The great confusion which the Republic has suffered because of the lack of a well-established banking system which would distribute throughout the whole country the benefits of mercantile credit can be readily seen and has provoked a crisis so acute that it is needless to call attention to it, and even more needless to dwell upon the supreme necessity of providing a radical remedy for the chaotic condition existing under our present system throughout the Republic. Therefore the first matter to which the Congress should turn is the pushing of a law to solve the problem of banks issuing notes. The Executive is fully confident that the project which he will present to the careful consideration of the Congress will be discussed in an impartial and calm spirit according to the principles which rule the economic life of the people.

Workmen's Insurance

Workmen's insurance is a means of protection for the working class the timeliness and utility of which no one can deny; the demands of modern thought and culture in this matter are so urgent that any government desiring to oppose a humanitarian movement of such importance would not only crumble but would fail to accomplish its duty. Therefore the Executive wishes to bring about one of the highest ideals of the Revolution and to give immediate effect to Article 123 of the Constitution. This is the second matter to be taken up in the Assembly.

Education

The nationalization of education, the creation of the offices of Secretaries of Public Education and of Labor, and the corresponding reform of the law relating to secretarial offices, are questions which afford such a ready response to the needs of a good administration and to the vital problem of increasing the culture of the people by all means at the disposal of the state, that merely the proposal of the respective laws is sufficient to make the Congress of the Union understand the importance of the affairs in question and the necessity for a prompt decision.

The Agrarian Law

The Agrarian Law has for its object the solution, so far as possible, of the old but important problem of the land. The first aim of the revolutionary program is the equitable distribution of land among the proletarian class, and the Executive must see to it that this promise does not remain in the realm of political dreams, also that it does not threaten to overthrow the whole existing agrarian regime, nor attack at their roots the foundations of the agricultural life of the country. The project of the Agrarian Law which I submit to the consideration of the legislature, even though it is inspired by more advanced revolutionary principles, is, however, founded on a concrete understanding of the needs of the country and of the practical difficulties which a law of this nature must encounter in its operation.

The Petroleum Problem

In turning to the question of petroleum, there are found grave problems of an internal and international character which will have no little effect on the future progress of the country. On one side is the principle of national autonomy which the Revolution proclaimed as indispensable for uniting all the active forces and all the elements of wealth in the Republic for economic progress; and on the other hand, the interests of owners of petroleum wells, who are opposed to the application of Article 27 of the Constitution, either before the courts of Mexico, or through diplomatic channels. Everything has contributed to make the petroleum problem of the greatest importance abroad, and to present grave difficulties which alone can be solved by patiently studying how best to preserve the interests of the nation, without unjust injury to the property rights of our own nationals and of foreigners, which have been established in accordance with law and justice.

Official Privilege

The Executive feels that political and administrative morality must begin with the high officials and extend throughout the entire body of public servants. For this reason, the law which fixes the responsibilities of the President of the Republic and of the Secretaries should be given preference in this Congress. From this it should follow that the high executive officials must be made subject to law and justice in all of their actions and not enjoy the immunity from taxes, which is so repugnant to honorable men and for the protection of which so many wrongs have been committed. In a true democracy the public official should be accountable for his actions, whatever may be his rank or legal power; the higher it is, the greater are his duties and responsibilities. The executive should, for the same reason, give proof of his democratic spirit and respect for the principles of the law, initiating the enactment of the law which fixes the responsibilities of the President of the Republic and his Secretaries.

Power to Call Extraordinary Sessions

With regard to Paragraph 10 of the Convention, it is highly satisfactory for the Executive to turn over to the permanent commission of Congress the power to call extraordinary sessions which according to our Political Code of 1857 the commission possessed, and which in a spirit of absolutism poorly disguised in the Constitution of 1917 was taken away without a just motive. For this reason it will follow that the legislature is able to enjoy the autonomy which most modern constitutions concede, and its action may not be made subject to the will or caprice of the Executive.

Administration of Justice

Public clamor has pointed out grave evils in the administration of justice, which is at present merely written in our laws and which absolutely lacks effectiveness notwithstanding that, according to our penal code, courts should be obliged to give justice to whoever seeks it. The principal reason for such a state of affairs is to be found in the Organic Law of Tribunals, promulgated under the past administration, the defects of which have been shown with rare unanimity. The Executive desires something practical and effective, and this does not signify, as has been the case until now, a vain hope and dream impossible of realization.

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GAMBLING

Gambling should be, in the opinion of the Executive, vigorously attacked in order to diminish as far as possible the troubles which it causes not only in the way of speculations and immoral waste but also because it involves the administrative corruption of those officials who shut their eyes to it, or who have actual agreements with the managers of gambling dens. As the Federal authorities have not jurisdiction throughout all the Republic in this matter, it is necessary to institute a constitutional reform in order legally to prosecute and punish gamblers, not only in the Federal District and territories but also in the various local units.

PENSIONS

In regard to military pensions, the Government has considered it just and equitable to reform vigorously the present system, which establishes odious differences in relation to the military rank which the beneficiary holds at the time of his death or when he is disabled by accident. Nothing is more contrary to the need for a just and humanitarian compensation than these differences, and therefore the Executive wishes that all servants of the fatherland who die upon the field of battle or who suffer wounds which diminish their efficiency should be assured that the state will come to their aid and will compensate their efforts and sacrifices.

All the other laws which are to be taken up in the Congress are of importance, particularly those which relate to social, political, or administrative problems, the solution of which will result in marking out for the nation the path of progress and organization.

Deputies, Senators: At this moment the nation requires from its representatives a broad and lofty spirit of reform and the resolute purpose of working for the reconstruction of the country, the restoration of national credit, and the removal of those traditional evils which have paralyzed all the active forces of the Republic. The future of millions of human beings is linked with the action of the legislature, and it is not strange, therefore, that public opinion demands a strong determination, tenacious and coordinated, to solve all those questions upon which depends the future of the fatherland. See to it that the Congress of the Union secures the approval and satisfies the hopes of the Mexican people."

The Case of General Crozier

THE resignation of General Crozier, commandant of the Auxiliary Division of the British forces in Ireland, was announced on February 22. The circumstances leading up to it were reported in the press of England in the following general terms: Thirty cadets of the Auxiliary Division were caught in the act of looting a house which they had been ordered to search for arms. The case was investigated by General Crozier, who remanded five of the men for court-martial and dismissed the remainder from the division. According to General Crozier his action was approved by General Tudor, police adviser to the Viceroy, but the dismissed cadets on their return to England appealed to this official and the order of dismissal was overruled. Thereupon the commandant, General Crozier, resigned, together with the adjutant of the division. In answer to questions in the House of Commons on February 22, regarding the facts of the case, Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief Secretary for Ireland, read the following report of the Chief of Police:

On receipt of a complaint that a party of the Auxiliary Division had been guilty of looting, the Chief of Police directed the Commandant of the Auxiliary Division to make immediate inquiry. The Commandant thereupon arrested five platoon commanders and section leaders and one cadet, with a view to their being brought to trial, as he considered there was clear evidence against them. The services of the remainder of the party were dispensed with.

Dismissal can only be carried out by direction of the Chief of Police. The Chief of Police sent instructions to suspend action against the twenty-six cadets until he returned to Dublin. This letter took twenty-four hours to reach the Commandant of the Auxiliary Division, with the result that the men were sent to England. On arrival in England they protested to the Chief of Police at the Irish Office that they had been dismissed without trial.

On his return to Dublin he directed that the dismissed cadets should be recalled without prejudice to any future disciplinary action if found guilty. He at once instituted a court of inquiry into the whole of the circumstances, which is now proceeding. The cadets have not been allowed to return to their own unit, and there is no question under any circumstances of allowing them to do so. They are now awaiting the finding of the court. The commanding officer and the adjutant have resigned. There is no condonation of looting of any sort. In all cases of this nature the accused are, if the evidence warrants it, sent for trial. The county inspector of police could not support the summary dismissal of these cadets without full investigation.

On the following day the letters which had passed between General Tudor, Police Adviser to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and General Crozier were published in the press. The first, from General Tudor to General Crozier, dated at Dublin, February 14, follows:

DEAR CROZIER: I think it will be best for you to keep these thirty T. C.'s suspended till I come back. I want to discuss it with the Chief Secretary. He gets all the bother. My main point is that it is an unfortunate time to do anything that looks panicky. I think also these T. C.'s will have a distinct grievance if the platoon commanders and section leaders are acquitted. Tell these thirty they are suspended pending my return or, if you prefer it, keep them on by not completing their accounts till I come back.

Yours sincerely,

H. H. TUDOR

On February 19, General Crozier dispatched the following reply to the Police Adviser:

DEAR GENERAL: The more I think over the matter the more I am of opinion that your attitude in the "Trim Incident" has made my position quite impossible in the Division, as I am all out to have the discipline unquestionable. I therefore propose to resign at the expiration of my leave. I still consider that theft on the part of policemen in the course of their duties is unpardonable, and I cannot honestly associate myself with a force in which such acts are condoned.

Yours sincerely,

F. P. CROZIER

The whole incident was dealt with by the *Manchester Guardian* in a vigorous editorial appearing in the issue of February 24:

Fuller evidence gives a still blacker look to the virtual dismissal of General Crozier from the command of the Auxiliary Cadets for insisting on discipline in that force. There are published today the final letters between him and General Tudor, the superior who drove him out of his command. That General Tudor did this in order to make things easier for Sir Hamar Greenwood in Parliament is indicated in the letter in which his more dutiful subordinate was thrown over. General Tudor, then apparently in London and in touch with the politicians, seems to have lost part of that regard for discipline which had led him in the first instance to approve everything that General Crozier had done. General Tudor now felt he must consider the comfort of the Chief Secretary. "The bother," he says, would come upon Sir Hamar Greenwood if General Crozier's policy of "having discipline unquestionable" continued to be loyally

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backed. General Crozier's answer to this letter will be remembered as a model for every upright officer who may hereafter be the object of such an attack. . . . Now that the attempts to save Sir Hamar Greenwood "bother" at the cost of discipline, life, and property have failed, a grotesque medley of conflicting excuses are offered to Parliament. First there were flourishes about not punishing men without trial. Of course the incriminated men were tried before dismissal. It is to shirk the consequences of their trial that a different trial has since been resorted to. Perhaps conscious of this absurdity, Sir Hamar Greenwood next suggests that he only wants more punishment for them. Dismissal, he now suggests, is not enough of a penalty—as if dismissal from a police force ever precluded subsequent prosecution for such crimes as organized theft. Sir Hamar Greenwood had better own up. The facts are growing plain. In the present Government of Ireland there are clearly some elements, civil and military, which, like General Crozier, "consider that theft on the part of policemen in the course of their duties is unpardonable," and which "cannot honestly associate themselves with a force in which such acts are condoned." And there are other elements differently minded. All that we do not know is how far the expulsion of the former elements by the latter has yet proceeded.

The British Mandate in Mesopotamia

THE British draft of the Mesopotamia mandate, which was made public early in February, has been submitted to the Council of the League of Nations.

ARTICLE 1. The mandatory will frame within the shortest possible time, not exceeding three years from the date of the coming into force of this mandate, an organic law for Mesopotamia. This organic law shall be framed in consultation with the native authorities and shall take account of the rights, interests, and wishes of all the populations inhabiting the mandated territory. It shall contain a provision designed to facilitate the progressive development of Mesopotamia as an independent state. Pending the coming into effect of the organic law, the administration of Mesopotamia shall be conducted in accordance with the spirit of the mandate.

ART. 2. The mandatory may maintain troops in the territories under his mandate for the defense of the territories. Until the entry into force of the organic law and the reestablishment of public security he may organize and employ local forces necessary for the maintenance of order and for the defense of these territories. Such forces may only be recruited from the inhabitants of the territories under the mandate.

The said local forces shall thereafter be responsible to the local authorities, subject always to the control to be exercised over these forces by the mandatory, who shall not employ them for other than the above-mentioned purposes except with the consent of the Mesopotamian Government.

Nothing in this article shall preclude the Mesopotamian Government from contributing to the cost of the maintenance of any forces maintained by the mandatory in Mesopotamia.

The mandatory shall be entitled at all times to use the roads, railways, and ports of Mesopotamia for the movement of troops and the carriage of fuel and supplies.

ART. 3. The mandatory shall be intrusted with the control of the foreign relations of Mesopotamia and the right to issue exequaturs to the consuls appointed by foreign Powers. He shall also be entitled to afford diplomatic and consular protection to the citizens of Mesopotamia when outside its territorial limits.

ART. 4. The mandatory shall be responsible for seeing that no Mesopotamian territory shall be ceded or leased or in any way placed under the control of the government of any foreign Power.

ART. 5. The immunities and privileges of foreigners, including the benefits of consular jurisdiction and protection as formerly enjoyed by capitulation or usage in the Ottoman Empire, are definitely abrogated in Mesopotamia.

ART. 6. The mandatory shall be responsible for seeing that the judicial system established in Mesopotamia shall safeguard, firstly, the interests of foreigners; secondly, the law and (to the extent deemed expedient) jurisdiction now existing in Mesopotamia with regard to questions arising out of the religious beliefs of certain communities (such as the laws of *wakf* and personal status); in particular, the mandatory agrees that the control and administration of *wakf* shall be exercised in accordance with the religious law and dispositions of the founders.

ART. 7. Pending the making of special extradition agreements with foreign Powers relating to Mesopotamian extradition, the treaties in force between foreign Powers and the mandatory shall apply to Mesopotamia.

ART. 8. The mandatory will insure to all complete freedom of conscience and free exercise of all forms of worship, subject only to the maintenance of public order and morals. No discrimination of any kind shall be made between the inhabitants of Mesopotamia on the grounds of race, religion, or language. Instructions in and through the medium of the native language of Mesopotamia shall be promoted by the mandatory.

The right of each community to maintain its own schools for the education of its own members in its own language (while conforming to such educational requirements of a general nature as the Administration may impose) shall not be denied or impaired.

ART. 9. Nothing in this mandate shall be construed as conferring upon the mandatory authority to interfere with the fabric or management of sacred shrines, the immunities of which are guaranteed.

ART. 10. The mandatory shall be responsible for exercising such supervision over missionary enterprise in Mesopotamia as may be required for the maintenance of public order and good government; subject to such supervision no measures shall be taken in Mesopotamia to obstruct or interfere with such enterprise or to discriminate against any missionary on the ground of his religion or nationality.

ART. 11. The mandatory must see that there is no discrimination in Mesopotamia against the nationals of any state which is a member of the League of Nations (including the companies incorporated under the laws of such state) as compared with the nationals of the mandatory or any foreign state in matters concerning taxation, commerce, or navigation, the exercise of industries or professions, or in the treatment of ships or aircraft. Similarly, there shall be no discrimination in Mesopotamia against goods originating in or destined for any of the said states, and there shall be freedom of transport under equitable conditions across the mandated area.

Subject to the aforesaid, the Mesopotamian Government may, on the advice of the mandatory, impose such taxes and customs duties as it may consider necessary, and to take such steps as it may think necessary to promote the development of the natural resources of the country and to safeguard the interests of the population.

Nothing in this article shall prevent the Mesopotamian Government, on the advice of the mandatory, from concluding special customs arrangements with any state the territory of which in 1914 was wholly included in Asiatic territory or Arabia.

ART. 12. The mandatory shall adhere, on behalf of Mesopotamia, to any general international convention already existing or that may be concluded hereafter with the approval of the League of Nations respecting slave traffic, traffic in arms and ammunition, traffic in drugs, or relating to commercial equality, freedom of transit and navigation, railway and postal, telegraphic, and wireless communications, or artistic, literary, or industrial property.

ART. 13. The mandatory will secure the cooperation of the Mesopotamian Government, so far as social, religious, and other conditions may permit, in the execution of any common policy

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adopted by the League of Nations for preventing and combating diseases of plants and animals.

ART. 14. The mandatory will secure the enactment, within twelve months from the coming into force of this mandate and will insure the execution of a law of antiquities based on the contents of Article 421, part 13, of the Treaty of Peace with Turkey; this law shall replace the former Ottoman law of antiquities, and shall insure equality of treatment in the matter of archaeological research to the nationals of all states members of the League of Nations.

ART. 15. Upon coming into force of the organic law, arrangements shall be made between the mandatory and the Mesopotamian Government for settling the terms upon which the latter will take over the public works and other services of a permanent character, the benefit of which will pass to the Mesopotamian Government; such arrangements will be communicated to the Council of the League of Nations.

ART. 16. The mandatory shall make to the Council of the League of Nations an annual report as to the measures taken during the year to carry out the provisions of the mandate; copies of all laws and regulations promulgated or issued during the year shall be communicated with the report.

ART. 17. The consent of the Council of the League of Nations is required for any modification of the terms of the present mandate provided that in the case of any modification proposed by the mandatory such consent may be given by a majority of the Council. If any dispute whatever should arise between the members of the League of Nations relating to the interpretation or application of these provisions, which cannot be settled by negotiation, this dispute shall be submitted to the Permanent Court of International Justice provided for by Article 14 of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The present copy shall be deposited in the archives of the League of Nations, and certified copies shall be forwarded by the Secretary-General of the League of Nations to all the Powers signatory to the Treaty of Peace with Turkey.

Workers' Control in Italy

THE Italian Government's project for "workers' control" of industry appeared in *Avanti* (Milan) for January 25. It is still under discussion and its extreme caution has evoked much protest among the workers; while the employers are divided between a clear-cut opposition to any measure of democratic control and a belief that some such modification of the present system is inevitable.

AIMS OF CONTROL

ARTICLE 1. Control of industry by capable workers is established with the following aims in view: (a) To instruct the workers concerning the conditions under which the industries themselves are run; (b) to promote improvement in technical education and in the moral and economic conditions of the workers within the limits determined by the conditions under which the employers carry on their work; (c) to insure the execution of all the laws established for the protection of the working classes; (d) to recommend improvements in methods which will increase production and render it more economical; (e) to bring about more and more normal and peaceful relations between the workers and employers.

INDUSTRIES CONTROLLED

ART. 2. Control is established separately for each class of industries as follows: iron and metal, textile, chemical, and electrical industries, land transportation, navigation, construction, extractive industries, mines, quarries, hotels, and allied industries.

Exempt from such control are industries run by the state, industries established within the last four years, and industries employing less than sixty workers.

FORMATION OF COMMITTEES

ART. 3. Adult workers in each class of industry shall elect proportionally a committee of control composed of nine members, six of which shall be chosen by the operatives and three by the engineers, office workers, and technicians of the industry. The unions having members among the workers of each industry shall present to them the lists of candidates.

A rule which shall be drawn up after hearing the opinion of the Superior Committee of Labor will establish the regulations and methods under which each class of industry is run. The committee shall be renewed every three years. Committee members may be reelected.

CONTROL IN SMALL INDUSTRIES

ART. 4. The committee shall appoint for each industrial establishment, whether a joint stock company or a limited liability owned by private employers, two or more workers, according to the importance of the establishment, chosen to exercise control and report to the committee.

The delegates shall be selected among the adult workers belonging to the establishment in question, and possibly among those who have served at least three years. The rules which will be carried into effect by Article 9 of this law will determine the way in which the delegates are to exercise their authority, taking into account the particular conditions in each class of industry.

With the renewal of the committee every three years, the renewal of delegates will take place; such delegates shall be eligible for reelection.

POWERS OF THE COMMITTEES OF CONTROL

ART. 5. By means of its delegates, the committee of control is entitled to the information necessary for a knowledge of: (a) Methods of obtaining and cost of raw materials; (b) cost of production; (c) methods of administration; (d) methods of operation, with the exception of anything depending on factory secrets; (e) wage of workers; (f) employment of capital; (g) profits of the business; (h) method of carrying out the laws which protect the workers and provisions relating to employment and dismissal of workers.

EMPLOYERS' REPRESENTATION

ART. 6. Employers or their representatives (no more than two) may be present at the meetings of the committees of control; a representative of the Superior Committee of Labor may also be present. The representatives of the employers and of the Committee of Labor may make remarks and may ask to have them taken down word for word, but they have not the right to vote. They are entitled to prevent the publication, or the entrance into the minutes, or even the writing down, of any information which might prejudice the interests of the employers.

ART. 7. The employers in each class of industry shall, by the methods established by law, name their own representative body for any negotiations with the committee of control, to make certain that the separate employers fulfil the obligations arising from the present law and its various regulations, and to choose their representatives for the meetings of the committee of control. These representative bodies of the employers, like the committees of control, shall be composed of nine members and they also shall be renewed every three years. Two delegates of the committee of control may be present at the meetings of the representative bodies of the employers, and can make remarks, but have not the right to vote.

ART. 8. When special circumstances demand it, or in any case at least once a year, the representatives of the employers and the committees of control must hold a meeting under the presidency of a representative of the Superior Committee of Labor, to examine together the improvements which experience shows advisable to introduce into the management of the industry, to increase and improve production in the interests of

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public economy and of the workers, and to settle any controversies which may have arisen in the exercise of control.

EMPLOYMENT AND DISMISSAL OF WORKERS

ART. 9. Special rules to be drawn up for each class of industry, after hearing the opinions of the representatives of the employers, the committee of control, and the Superior Committee of Labor, shall govern the employment and dismissal of operatives, taking into account the special conditions under which each industry is run.

Such rules must, however, comply with the principles established in the two following articles.

PLACEMENT BUREAUS

ART. 10. In places which shall be determined by rule, as provided for in the preceding article, placement bureaus shall be established composed of representatives of the employers and of the committees of control. These bureaus shall keep a record of those asking for employment, and when it is not a question of providing work in which they are specially skilled they shall be given employment in order of their application, preference being given to workers living in the commune where the establishment is situated, and to those who return from military service and were formerly employed in the same establishment. In the placement of workers no attention must be given to considerations of a political or trade union nature. When workers skilled in the line required cannot be found among the applicants at the placement bureaus, the companies may employ casual laborers from other sources. Every firm must refuse employment to those who have undergone heavy sentences for criminal offenses and to those who have been dismissed for disciplinary reasons.

Differences between employers and committees of control relative to the employment of workers shall be settled without appeal by two judges, one chosen by each side, and under the presidency of a person selected by the two judges from the workers, and in case of disagreement, nominated by the president of the court.

DISMISSAL OF WORKERS

ART. 11. No dismissals shall be made for political or trade union reasons.

When industrial conditions call for a reduction of labor, and if the nature of the work permits, the normal working time shall be reduced to a limit of thirty-six hours a week. If that is not sufficient, work must be divided among the operatives as much as possible before workers can be dismissed.

When dismissals must be made, workers who have given long service must be kept in preference, as well as those having large families.

Controversies arising with regard to dismissals shall be decided by judges named as in the preceding article.

ART. 12. When particular industrial conditions demand it and especially when there is a great difference between the method in which a given industry is run in different parts of Italy, the rule established in Article 3 can provide for more than one committee of control in a single industry, in which case the number of employers' representatives must be proportionally increased.

The expenses for the committees of control shall be shared equally by the workers and the employers. The methods of contribution and assessment shall be determined by special men drawn up as provided in Article 9.

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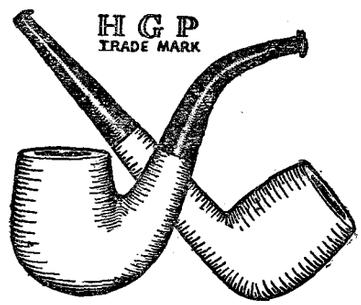

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